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# The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly  
Review of Literature,  
Art & Life*

Vol.  
XXXIX

October, 1901

No.  
4

"The Tauchnitz Edition"

By TIGHE HOPKINS

Mrs. Carlyle and her Housemaid

The Effects of a "First Night" upon the Actor

By MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

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## SOME SEPTEMBER PUBLICATIONS

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By **SHAN F. BULLOCK**

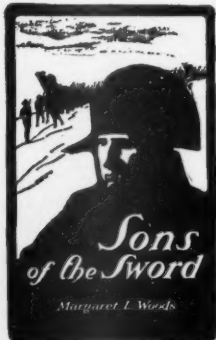
Mr. Bullock is doing a great work both for literature and for the hard-working plodders of his own land in his sympathetic sketches of the Irish peasantry. His new stories, "Irish Pastorals," depict within a life more vigorous than we can well realize, abundant elements of keen native wit, irrepressible good nature, and shrewd practical wisdom. The book will give many American readers a new conception of Irish pastoral life. 12mo, \$1.50.



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During a recent visit to Germany, Mr. Baker was afforded unusual opportunities to study the workingman, both in the shop and in his home; the soldier, on and off duty; the typical German scientist (Professor Haeckel), and the Emperor—in fact, all sides of German life. The results of this careful study are set forth in a concise and interesting manner. Whether he is recounting a visit to a German scientific institution or describing the inner workings of a great German shipyard, Mr. Baker is convincing and entertaining. The pictures of George Varian, made from studies on the ground, add greatly to the charm of the book. 12mo, \$2.00 net. Postpaid, \$2.15.



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By **Mrs. MARGARET L. WOODS**

A tale of marked strength and originality of the Napoleonic period. Mrs. Woods is a writer almost unknown in America, but her assured, clear-cut style is what one would expect from trained and able service in literature. Her heroine is English, but the action takes place on the Continent, giving the reader a vivid, close, convincing acquaintance with the great Napoleon. Mrs. Woods is a name to be taken account of henceforth in this country. 12mo, \$1.50.

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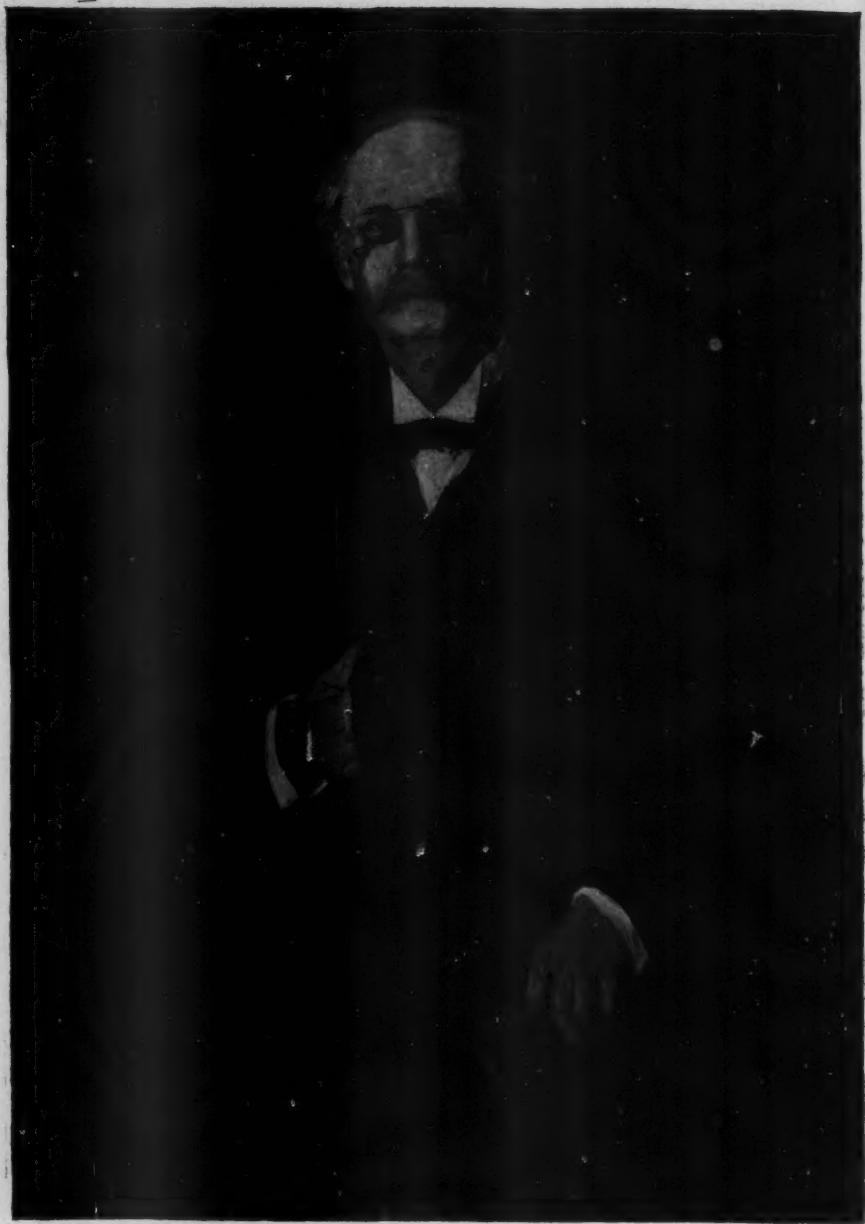
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BARON TAUCHNITZ, JUNIOR\*  
(From the Portait by Pariaghy)

\* See page 331



# The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly Review  
of Literature Art and Life*

Vol. XXIX

OCTOBER, 1901

No. 4

## The Lounger

REVIEWERS do not seem to agree as to the qualities of "The Eternal City." Dr. Robertson Nicoll says of it that "the treatment throughout, allowing for the subject, is marked by singular delicacy and reserve." Mr. Clement Shorter, on the other hand, says:

The vulgarity of style seems to me to obtain with two-thirds of our popular novelists, and in "The Eternal City" we find such choice flowers of language as the following:

"Dayid Rossi swallowed his saliva."

"She took up the child's garments and smelt them one by one."

Of course, there is no argument about phrases of this order, although they abound throughout the book. People either like this kind of thing and pronounce Mr. Caine a prophet, or they do not like it and bluntly pronounce it vulgar. Of course, it is not possible to condemn "The Eternal City" wholly on this account. As I have said, to be popular you must be vulgar, and Mr. Caine is determined to be popular—and succeeds.

The first edition of "The Eternal City" breaks the record—two hundred thousand. One hundred thousand more than the first edition of any other novel, and one hundred thousand more than the English edition of the same work. For this latter edition the Lon-

don bookbinder used twenty-two miles of cloth. The books if laid on top of one another would make a column three and one-half miles high. I wonder how many miles of cloth it took to bind the first edition of "Vanity Fair"? or how many miles high it would have reached if one copy had been placed upon another? Of one thing I am sure: "Vanity Fair" has long since reached the height of immortality, and that "The Eternal City" will never do.

In the course of a recently printed address on the Power of the Pen, Miss Marie Corelli remarks:

With this little instrument, which rests so lightly in the hand, whole nations can be moved. It is nothing to look at; generally speaking, it is a mere bit of wood with a nib at the end of it—but when it is poised so—it becomes a living thing—it moves with the pulsations of the heart and brain, and writes down, almost unconsciously, the thoughts that live—the words that burn.

And what of the sword, or the bullet, or the electric spark? Not much to look at, but by them also "whole nations can be moved."

Mr. William Archer's book on "Poets of the Younger Generation"

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Photo by

MISS SARAH ORNE JEWETT

Hollyer

has for its frontispiece a portrait of the late Richard Hovey. In his introduction Mr. Archer remarks that "the best way to check the growth of a rising talent is to affix to its possessor the sneering label of 'minor poet.'"

21

Mr. Thomas Hardy has published but one book since "Jude," and that a volume of poems. Another volume, also of poems, is announced from his pen by Messrs. Harper. It will be published this month. In his preface Mr. Hardy remarks that "the road to a true philosophy of life seems to lie in humbly regarding divergent impressions of its meaning as they occur." The first poem in the book is that entitled "V.R., 1819-1901." Then follow several war poems, some poems of pilgrimage, a batch of miscellaneous pieces, and five imitations, one of them being a Sapphic fragment.

That delightful illustrator, Mr. Edmund H. New, has made a hundred illustrations for a book on "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy," which will be published at the Bodley Head.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is a writer to be envied. She does her work in her old home at South Berwick, Maine, a fascinating place, as the picture shows. There, under the shadow of big trees, with the odor of sweet flowers coming in at her window, she wrote "The Tory Lover," which, after a successful run through the *Atlantic Monthly*, has just appeared in book form. According to her publishers this is "the longest and the strongest" book that Miss Jewett has yet written. Miss Jewett can be trusted to write an historical novel free from an overdose of gore. "The Tory Lover" is as straightforward and simple in its style, as though it were a tale of New England life to-day. It is full of adventure, but it is not of the sensational kind.

22

The Queen of Rumania has sent a complete set of her "Works" to Count Tolstoy, with a considerate note, in which she says that even though he has no time to read them it will be a comfort to her to know that they are lying on his table. To the gift and the



Photo by

MISS JEWETT'S HOME, SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE

Miss Tyson

note Tolstoy has sent a non-committal acknowledgment:

I know the heart and the genius of the Queen who gives life by her talent to the songs of her people, and unites in the same affection the palace and the cottage. On the throne or in the midst of the people a woman's heart always has the same emotions, the same poetry, though this, unhappily, is not the case with men.

24

This wedding announcement, clipped from a morning paper, should interest Mr. John Lane:

BODLEY—HEAD.—On Thursday, August 29, 1901, at Islip, L. I., LENA HEAD to FREDERICK WILLIAM BODLEY.

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"How grateful we should have been to Richardson," exclaims the *London Academy*, "if he had left behind him a condensed edition of 'Clarissa Harlowe.' " The *Academy* may be pleased to know that Henry Holt & Co. have just issued a condensed edition of "Clarissa." To be sure, it was not made by the author, but no doubt it is

as well done. Authors seldom know how to blue-pencil themselves.



Photo by

MISS JEWETT'S STUDY

Miss Tyson

Of the many cruel blows that have fallen on the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard none has been harder for them to bear than the death of their only son Lorimer. For several months past Lorimer Stoddard

he could do. I had known him ever since he was a small boy and had watched his career with interest. The first money that he earned was as a clerk in Messrs. Scribner's book-store when it was on Broadway, opposite Astor



Photo by

Hollinger

THE LATE LORIMER STODDARD

had been dying. He knew it better than anyone else, but he kept up his spirits and bided his time. It came last month and it found him ready. Young Stoddard—he was not thirty-seven—was just tasting success when he died. He was considered one of the most promising American playwrights, and more work was offered to him than

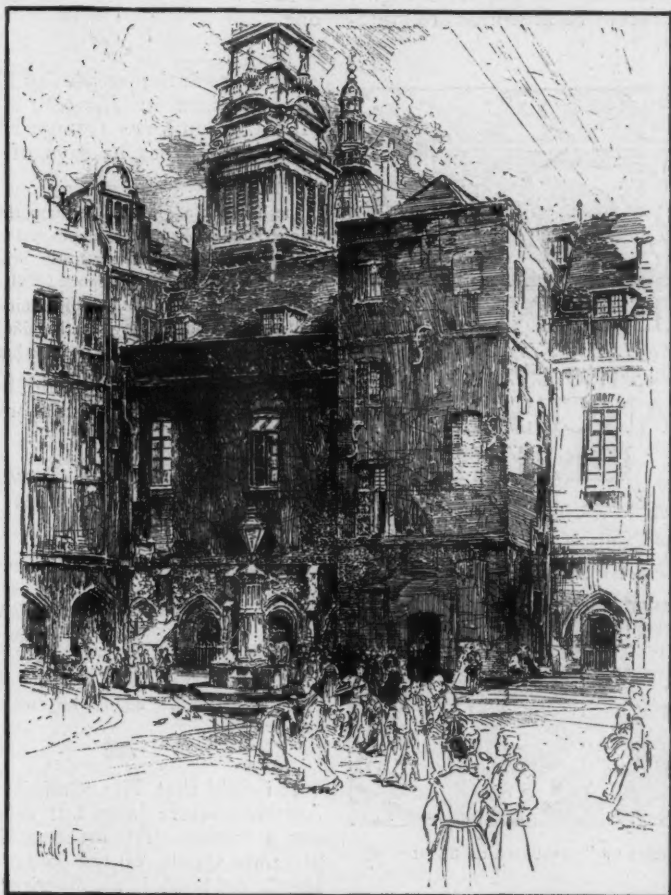
Place. He was only there a short time, for his one idea was to go upon the stage, not so much because he wanted to be an actor as because he wanted to be a playwright, and he thought that behind the footlights was the school to study in. Mr. Stoddard's most successful plays were "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," in which Mrs.

Fiske played the title rôle, and "In the Palace of the King," in which Miss Viola Allen is now playing.

cluster memories of Charles Lamb, is another condemned landmark.

Literary as well as other landmarks are rapidly disappearing from London.

By no startling advertisement, no announcements of overfilled first editions, and no help from Charles Froh-



From

THE BLUE COAT BOYS' SCHOOL

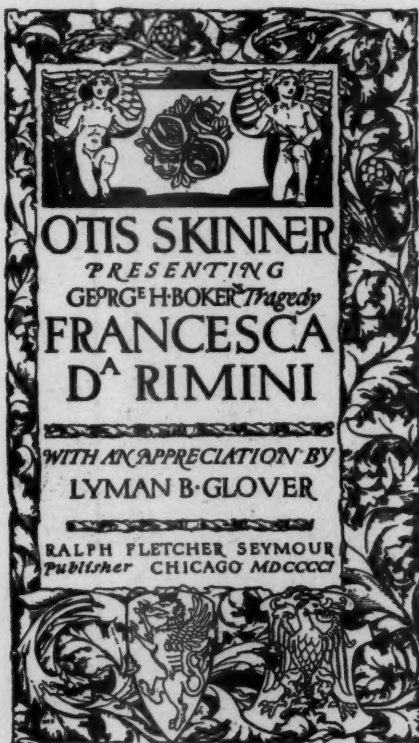
The Sphere

Among the more recent of those condemned by the London County Council is the poet Dryden's house, No. 43 Gerrard Street, Soho. John Dryden, it is said, used often to write in the ground-floor room next the street. And here he died in the year 1700. The Blue Coat Boys' School, around which

man's bill-boards has Mrs. Wharton won her place in the foremost ranks of modern novelists. "Crucial Instances," a book of seven short stories, shows, as did "The Touchstone," that her own good work has placed her there. Here are to be found keen insight into human nature, fine portrayal of character,



humor, pathos, and imagination set forth in a style that is rare in these days, when most novelists are hurrying off to the next murder, and have no time to stop and write literature. Mrs. Wharton has stopped, and we who have wandered so long and so wearily in the innumerable romantic nightmares of recent book-worlds are grateful to her.



TITLE-PAGE OF "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

To celebrate the production of the late George H. Boker's "Francesca da Rimini," Mr. Otis Skinner has had a souvenir published which is much the handsomest of any publication of its kind that I can recall. It is the work of Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour, of Chicago, where the book was made. The title-page, which is here reduced many times, gives some idea of the artistic quality of Mr. Seymour's work.

The long-promised revival of interest in George Eliot's writings seems to have come, and new editions of her complete works are being announced. Messrs. Blackwood, who control the copyright on her books in England, announce two new editions, while over here in the "Personal" we have a new one.

Apropos is the article by Mr. Frederic Harrison in *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Harrison knew George Eliot well, and this is what he says of her personal qualities:

She had not a grain of self-importance in her manner, and took quite a simple and modest part in the general talk, listening to the brilliant sallies of George Lewes with undisguised delight, respecting Congreve's views as those of a trained historian and scholar, and showing me the kindly welcome of a gracious woman to the friend of her friends.

Would that as much could be said of some of our less gifted authors!

I am indebted to the *Dramatic Mirror's* Chicago correspondent for this good story:

George Ade, the Chicago man who writes the "Fables in Slang," hails from Indiana, which he has said is a State which a man "should never go back on—or to." The other night he met an Indiana woman who asked him if he had ever noticed how many bright people come from Indiana. "Yes," he replied, "and the brighter they are the quicker they come."

It is said that Mrs. Craigie will visit America before long, but this may be but a rumor. At present she is at Steephill Castle, on the Isle of Wight. Her latest book is a collection of short stories called "A Study in Temperaments." A new play by Mrs. Craigie is announced, but no name is given to it as yet. A one-act play, "A Repentance," originally published in THE CRITIC, will be included in the volume of stories.

"The Benefactress" is the title of the forthcoming novel by the author of



JOHN OLIVER HOBBS (MRS. CRAIGIE)  
(From a Portrait by Will Rothenstein)





M. EDMOND ROSTAND

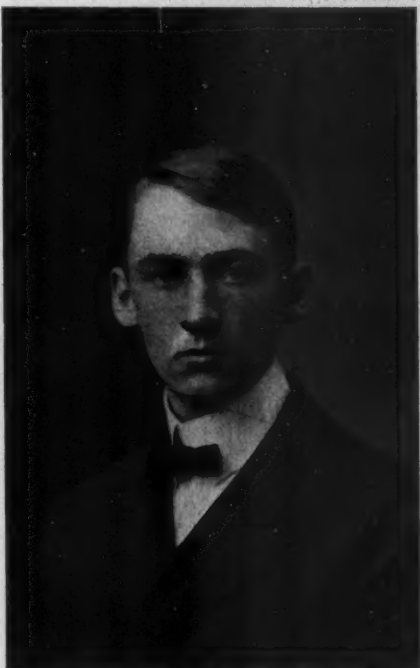
"Elizabeth and Her German Garden." It is the story of an Englishwoman who inherits money from a German relative and goes to Germany to spend it. She lives in a little village and observes as "Elizabeth" observes. One need hardly say that the book has its audience waiting for it.

The portrait of M. Edmond Rostand here given is taken from *Vanity Fair*, as is also this description of the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac":

He was probably born a Poet three-and-thirty years ago; for he wrote lines as a boy. At the age of twenty or so he became a Dramatist; and now, aided by Bernhardt and Coquelin, he is very near the top of the dramatic tree: having made himself famous as the triumphant author of that "Cyrano de Bergerac" which has drawn more money than any other play ever produced in Paris, and possibly even more so as the writer of the rather unhistorical, but extraordinarily successful, "L'Aiglon," which has so hugely gratified French sentiment. Otherwise, he has been guilty of such publications as "Les Romanesques," "La Samaritaine," and "Les Musardises," to say nothing of "La Princesse Lointaine," which, though much abused by the critics, is yet a very fine piece of work. But he has not overwritten himself; for he is a nervous young fellow who is so full of the artistic temperament that he worries himself to death about mere trifles, and continually cries for rest which he will not allow himself. Nevertheless, he will spend weeks in idleness and then burn work that he has done months before, because he is so hard to please. He devoted many years to Cyrano; but he has his reward.

He is a dandily-dressed cigarette smoker of very nervous manners; who has translated Catullus quite admirably.

Unless I am entirely out of my reckoning "Tom Beauling," a novel by Mr. Gouverneur Morris, which will be published by the Century Company during the present month, is going to make its mark. Mr. Morris is only twenty-five years of age. He is a great-grandson of the famous Gouverneur Morris of Revolutionary days. He was educated in America and Europe and was graduated from Yale in the class of '98. Since his graduation he has travelled over the greater part of the world. A year or two ago he settled



Photo

MR. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Lamson

down to work in a publisher's office, but his Pegasus could not be chained to a desk. He was not a success as a clerk, so he and the desk soon parted company. His friends felt that he was wasting his time in routine work, and he shared their opinion. He has proved by this story that he is a writer, and an uncommonly good one at that. I need hardly say that from now on there will be no more office work done by young Gouverneur Morris. It will be a relief to my readers to know that Mr. Morris's novel is a study of character and is not historical.

The Literary Aspirant, who has been writing on various aspects of the literary profession in *The Independent*, owes it to the publishers of Chicago to name the name of the one who figures as the hero (?) of this anecdote:

I met, not long ago, a Chicago man of one of the best Western publishing-houses. He told me that during the previous year his firm had received and

examined 1,700 manuscripts of books, and had accepted only one.

"What do you think we paid for that?" he asked, grinning triumphantly.

"How many words?" I inquired.

"About 80,000," said he.

"Did you buy outright?"

"Yes."

"About \$500?"

"No, sir. We paid only \$80."

And the Chicago publisher's reader grinned again when he thought of the vain hopes with which those 1,700 authors had been entertaining themselves.

I know a number of instances of underpaying, but never one as bad as this by several hundred dollars. Furthermore, in each case new contracts were made at the instance of the publishers and better terms paid on the showing of good sales. Western business men are not conspicuous for meanness, so I shall wait to have this story confirmed before believing it.

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Miss Lafayette McLaws adds one more to the ranks of successful young Southern writers. "When the Land was Young" is her first book, and though it has been out but a few weeks it already is among the "best selling" on the retail dealers' counters. The men of Miss McLaws's family for generations have been soldiers, when they were not lawyers, so that it is not unnatural that she should write a novel of adventure. Antoinette, the heroine of her story, is also the heroine of her imagination. She likes just that sort of a girl, and a good sort she is, too, barring a propensity for getting into hot water. Miss McLaws was educated partly in the South, at the Lucy Cobb Institute, a girls' college in Georgia, and partly at private schools in Boston. She learned everything that she was taught except how to spell. Over this lack in her education her friends grieve, but she bears it more philosophically and laughs. She is not the only writer who cannot spell. I could name at least two among the best-known who are such bad spellers that they, like Miss McLaws, make a joke of their misfortune. "When the Land was Young" was written last summer. In the meantime Miss McLaws has written another novel in an entirely different vein, which will probably be published serially before it appears in book form.



MISS LAFAYETTE McLAWS

## The Lounger

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Mr. Robert W. Chambers is a writer to be envied. No pent-up city confines his powers. He lives in a little town lying between the Adirondacks and the Mohawk Valley, which is the home of his ancestors and the scene of his novels. There he lives with his books and his dogs and his rods, the

Mrs. Stoddard's three novels, "Two Men," "Temple House," and "The Morgesons," are just published by Messrs. Henry T. Coates & Co. These novels, as a set, were originally published by the Cassell Publishing Company. At the time that the stock of this concern was sold at auction a lady

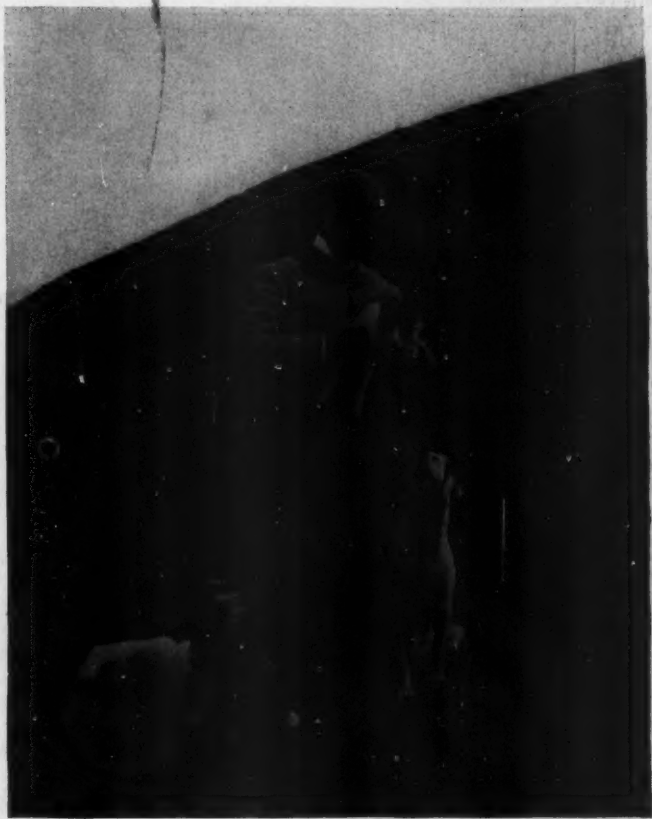


Photo by

Finch

MR. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS WITH "LADYSMITH" IN HIS ARMS

world forgetting, but not by the world forgot. Broadalbin is an ideal place for a man to live and work in, particularly when his work is the history of that part of the country. "Cardigan," the novel which, having run its course through *Harper's Weekly*, is now published in book form, is his most serious work. It has his lightness of touch with the strength of historical accuracy.

from the West, an entire stranger to Mrs. Stoddard, but a great admirer of her writings, bought the plates. She had no especial use for them, but she could not bear the idea of having such clever stories lost to sight. The present publishers of the books heard this anecdote, and, seeking the owner out, they bought the plates from her. Now we shall have a good library edition of

these three novels, which are described by Mr. E. C. Stedman as "essentially modern and in keeping with the choicest types of recent fiction."

Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan shows a great advance in her "Tales of the Cloister" over her previous venture

Pagano-Christian dualism of our human nature, in remotely different ages of the world. The trilogy traces the vast antagonism of the two master-ideas—the Man-God and the God-Man—throughout three varying epochs of civilization. Dmitri Mérejkowski is the friend of Herbert Trench, the



MISS ELIZABETH G. JORDAN

into the realm of fiction. There is better character drawing and a surer touch. I believe that Miss Jordan has a novel under way which, if it fulfils the promise of these stories, will give her an enviable position among writers of American fiction. Miss Jordan has just returned to her duties as editor of *Harper's Bazar* after a summer in Europe.

The "Death of the Gods" is the first of a great trilogy of historical novels—all three dealing with the

English poet, and he has given to him the exclusive right to translate the trilogy and all the succeeding works into English. There is, and there will be, therefore, no other authorized translation in the United States or the British Empire.

Mr. Herbert Trench, the translator, is the author of "Deirdre Wed, and Other Poems," recently published in London by Messrs. Methuen, and in the United States by John Lane. He



is an Irishman, and was born on November 12, 1865, at Avoncore, Middleton, County Cork. He is a relative of Stewart Trench, the author of "Realities of Irish Life," and of Archbishop Trench of Dublin. After a childhood spent in Ireland, where he has a farm and where he spends all his holidays, he went to Haileybury—the English public school—and became head of the "modern side." Thence he took an "exhibition," won also a scholarship at Oxford, and there was graduated in 1888 with first-class honors. He then held a Fellowship at All Souls College—the most coveted prize in the University—for seven years, thereby becoming the colleague and friend of Sir Arthur Hardinge, now British Minister to Teheran, and Lord Curzon, the present Viceroy of India. Mr. Trench lectured on modern history, wrote much unpublished poetry, and travelled widely. He wandered, with innumerable adventures, through Syria and into the deserts beyond Damascus. He explored the interior of Algeria and Oran, went up the Nile by dahabiyeh, and roved through Russia and Spain. Returning, he married the niece of the celebrated Caroline Fox, the beautiful and witty Quakeress of Penjerrick, Cornwall, daughter of the inventor of the dipping-needle. He now lives quietly in London, and holds the post of Senior Examiner at the Board of Education, Whitehall. He and his wife are close neighbors and intimate friends of the Stillman family, so well known in New York. Mr. Trench is writing a historical play for Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and another for Mr. Willard.

22

Dmitri Mérejkowski, the author of "The Death of the Gods," is only thirty-three years old, and leader of a remarkable group of young men of letters in St. Petersburg. His friends are the frail and daring poet Sofanoff (like his name, frail as a sigh), the poet-metaphysician Minsky, the sad and self-tortured writer of "Alma," a piece full of force and imagination. The heroine of "Alma" is killed in the task of

nursing lepers. Mérejkowski's wife, whom he met very early in life, is the



MR. HERBERT TRENCH

beautiful and distinguished poetess, Zenaïde Hippins, author of a very singular and beautiful piece of writing, "The Holy Blood." And Mérejkowski himself, the leader of the group, calm, scholarly, and sane, has already written several notable books, one of them being "The Eternal Companions," studies of the masters in morals, philosophy, and literature, from Longinus to Ibsen. His last critical work, the wonderful study of "Tolstoy and Dostoyefsky," the Christ and the Anti-Christ of Russian literature respectively, shows us the work of these great men from within—illuminated in the light of their lives and the conditions under which they write. In this work precise and scientific investigation, the study of detail, the instinct of the suggestive fact (to quote the words of Count Prozor) come to the help of Mérejkowski's own artistic faculty in his criticism. The effect produced in Russia by this study has been unparalleled. Théodor de Wysewa has given a lengthy and enthusiastic criticism of the book in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Richard Voss, the author of "Sigurd Eckdal's Bride," was born at Neugraben, Pomerania, September 2, 1851. He has devoted himself to philosophic studies in Jena and Munich, and lives



HERR RICHARD VOSS

partly at Frascati, near Rome, in the Villa Falconieri, and partly on his estate near Berchtesgaden. In 1882 he was appointed librarian of Wartburg. He is noted not only as a novelist, but also as a dramatist. Among his plays may be mentioned: "Savonarola" (1878), "Die Patricierin" (1881), perhaps his most popular work, "Mother

Gertrud" (1885), "Alexandra" (1886), "Eva" (1889), "The King" (1895). In fiction he has also attained distinction. His Italian novels are noted for the skillful pictures of the life and character of the people. His latest work, "Sigurd Eckdal's Bride," reproduces the life and atmosphere of the north so successfully that many have taken the book to be the work of a Scandinavian. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. are his authorized American publishers.

24

Mr. F. Wells, a humorous bibliophile of Boston, has projected himself into the twenty-second century and returns with these notes of a book-collector, made in the year 2150, which he kindly sends to me for publication:

No. 63. "My Political Career," by Samuel L. Clemens, pseudonym, Mark Twain, a political writer and controversialist of the Twentieth Century. In his own day widely known as a humorist. The only other copy of this rare book is in Carnegie Library, Number 24,639, at Cropville, Maine. Small Paper Edition of 1903. Catalogue price, \$180.00.

No. 89. "The Cardinal's Great-Grandson," by Francis Marion Crawford, who invented the Crawford Simplex Novelmotor & Manuscript Producer in 1906. This is opus 893 of the author's works, and is his last guaranteed hand-written book. Catalogue price, \$1,500.00.

No. 92. "Their Diamond-Wedding Journey," by William Dean Howells, called in his own day the "Literary Columbus," appointed Imperial Censor of American Letters at the Capital in Washington in 1908. This is the fourth of a series of eight works in sequel, of which only two are extant. This copy is very valuable, being an autograph presentation copy to Barrett Wendell, a curious old pedant, Professor of English Literature at Harvard University in the last part of the Nineteenth Century. Mentioned in Sumichrast's "Book of British Pretenders." Catalogue price, \$75.00.

No. 98. "I and the Empire," by Rudyard Kipling, poet-laureate of the Anglo-Saxon Empire from 1904 to 1934, author of one hundred and thirteen volumes of pamphlets, treatises on military tactics, street-car advertisements, and doggerel. Is mentioned in his own time as having written tales of adventure, most of which were destroyed in the Irish invasion of 1937. Two copies of the "Jungle Book" remain and are to be found in the Roosevelt Menagerie Library in New York. This copy is of



the famous Elephant's Head Edition of 1913. Uncut. Catalogue price, \$14.13.

No. 112. "Complete Fables in Slang," by George Ade, called the "First of the Moderns." With an introductory essay by John Kendrick Bangs on "The Elements of Prose Style." This book marks the end of the barbarous period of un-American English. Bound in Jersey cuticle and illuminated with genuine pasteboard trunk checks. Printed at the Four-Flush Aurora Press at East Hubbard, New York. Sign of the Roycroft Seer embossed on the front cover. Catalogue price, \$3.86.

No. 117. "Songs of My Sweeter Soul," by Sir Alfred Austin, poet-laureate of the United Kingdom of Ireland and South Africa from 1895 to 1904. Includes "The Song of the Pajamas" and "The Charge of the Fire Brigade." Only a few copies of the book were printed owing to the lack of appreciation on the part of his contemporaries for the greatest poet of the Republican Epoch. His reputation seems to have been darkened by the temporary ascendancy of Tennyson, Browning, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and other minor poets of the decadent Nineteenth Century. Printed on drum-head vellum. Catalogue price, \$12,000.00.

No. 123. "My Last Visit to America," by

Henry James. Translated into English by Brander Matthews and Harry Thurston Peck (author of "Peck's Bad English"). Scotch notes by J. M. Barrie. Indiana notes by Booth Tarkington. Pink Paper Edition. Catalogue price, \$22.50.

No. 135. "The Master Christian," by Marie Corelli. This book is frequently confounded with "The Christian," a religious tract of the same time by Hall Caine. These two authors founded in 1911 the Society of Sentimentalists, which was afterwards abolished through the efforts of the Watch and Ward Society and the Institution for the Prevention of Cruelty to English. Purple Passion Edition of 1907. Catalogue price, \$16.50.

No. 146. "They're Off in a Bunch," by C. H. Parkhurst and Carrie Nation. Illustrated by real lithographed racing prints by J. A. McN. Whistler. This book is very rare, as the first edition was suppressed by the Anti-Vice League, of which the president at that time was Richard Croker, called Saint Manhattan. The only other copy of this book is in the Boston Public Library, with a sworn certificate of approval from the reading committee. This is an autograph presentation copy from the authors to Bishop Potter. None of the names appears in the Dictionary of Sports. Catalogue price, \$300.00.

## Haunted

By H. ARTHUR POWELL

MY Love is dead. Yet day and night  
My Love is ever near;  
For this I know by sound and sight,  
And, knowing, never fear.

In drops of warm and limpid rain  
His ghostly kisses come;  
He whispers in the rustling grain,  
Yet say they, Death is dumb!

His eyes gaze down, two pitying stars,  
Into mine own upraised;  
He knocks against the unseen bars—  
The wood-bird stops, amazed.

And when a gauzy mist uplifts  
Betwixt the earth and moon,  
His own loved form the vapor rifts,  
And comes a whisper: "Soon!"

"Soon!"—ah, my Love, I tranquil wait,  
Till death's dissolvent wine  
Shall free my soul to join its mate  
Beyond life's thin sky-line.

## The "Young Idea's" Views on Poetry

A TEACHER in a public school in one of our larger cities thought to teach the Young Idea something about the beauty and meaning of poetry. Her class consisted of boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age and of fair average intelligence. She read them Browning's "Meeting at Night," and asked them to write out their opinions of the subject and its treatment. This they did with the unhesitating confidence of youth. Here is the poem:

### I

The grey sea and the long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

### II

Then a mile of sea-scented beach;  
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, through joys and fears,  
Than two hearts beating each to each!

Some of the more candid criticisms are here given, "as they were wrote," spelling, punctuation, and all:

"I think it presents a fine moonlight picture. it tell how far he has to travel and the greeting when he arrives, at the farm house, I think it is a sailor coming home from a voyage. The peace is wrote in Irvings style being compact and expresses a clear idea in a very few lines."

"I do not like it because it is not closely enough connected. The description of the sea or land is not very good. It is a very hurried description."

"I think it is too dark because It would take longer that the time it took in the poetry and it show how scared

a woman gets because when she heard him she could hardly talk between fear."

"This short piece of poetry in my opinion is a nice opening for a story because Brown illustrates it so finely as the moonlight on the lake."

"I think this little poetry is nice because it tells the nice route of the lover and would be much more beautiful if it was longer and contained many more interesting facts."

"Poor. Because it starts to quickly and because it tells nothing of where he was or how he came to be in the book and he skipped from the ocean to the moon & then back to the water."

"I think It is a nice poem it explains about a man walking up the sea shore in dark he is just going home from work and as he reaches the house he taps at the window to let his wife or friend know that it is no stranger or no body that will hurt her."

"I think it is pretty good because it is taken from life and that when a man goes home he always kisses his wife."

"I don't like it because it is not natural and I don't think it is a piece of poetry."

"It is very pretty for the reason that is shows affection and because of the beautiful description of the road which the gentleman takes at sunset."

"The man came down the lake in a boat and was much excited and hurried to the land. The tide was coming in

and he was obliged to walk along the beach and long distance and hurried across the fields and came to the farm house and rapped on the window and his lover lit a match and appeared at the window."

"Its good. Because he has a good choice of words and has a good ending and describes the anxiety of the husband."

"It is no good. Because I think it is foolish."

"I think it is good because it tells the hard time a man has is coming home sometimes."

"It is fairly good but I can see but little sense. It is well worded and the words are well connected."

"Good, because as a short passage it gives a good description from being to end of a Lovers course to his most Beloved."

"I think it is the description of a lover going to see his sweetheart. But I believe it would be better if the

sweetheart had had the light burning previous to his arrival. The description of the waves as they beat against the boat is very good."

"I think it has very good descriptions, but I don't fancy sentimental things, and that closes in that way."

"I think it is no good for a description of a lonely walk for there is not enough description of the walk to give you an idea of the beauty of the scenery. It is not as good as the description of the moonlight on the snow in Snow Bound. The poem does not give enough time to the subject."

"I think this is a very beautiful piece of poetry. For one reason I think it must have tickled the young girl to see her lover coming to see her and how happy she must have felt to be in his company for the remainder of the evening. As I am not interested in love and no but very little about it I can give no further explanation in regard to it."

"Pretty Bum because its to wishy-washy and because I dont think it likely also because I dont like rhythm."

## Blackmore and "Lorna Doone"

APROPOS of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's delightful appreciation of Blackmore in a recent number of THE CRITIC, the following extract from a conversation with the novelist may be new to a good many readers, and in any event it is interesting at the present moment as revealing Mr. Blackmore's opinion of Mr. Phillpotts, as a novelist, and also his own rather depreciatory judgment of "Lorna Doone":

It is odd [he says] that "Lorna" should have

been so popular. There is no reason for it. Walter Crane says "The Maid of Sker" is a better book; but "Lorna" became the fashion. She has brought me a greater return in money than all my other children together, ten times over. The average novel reader does not care for literary form; finish counts for nothing with him. I doubt if he cares to notice even grammatical construction. He reads for the story simply. I have just read a novel much better than the average both in story and in style. Do you know it—"Children of the Mist," by a Mr. Phillpotts? The book happens to be dedicated to me. I do not know whether this young man belongs to our old family of that name and is

descended from the famous bishop or not; but he has done very well with the story, much better than I could have done. Strange to say, no reviewer has noticed the book, so far as I know. It is well worth reading, nevertheless, and deserves to be popular. I wish you would read it and tell others about it.

And speaking of "Lorna Doone" reminds me of a rather characteristic incident that occurred several years ago, and which may serve to throw a little additional light upon the personal side of the old novelist. I had been in occasional correspondence with Mr. Blackmore upon one or two questions of mutual interest, and happening to pick up in a bookstore a rather handsome *édition de luxe* of "Lorna," I asked Mr. Blackmore if he would oblige me by putting his name in it. He replied that he would be delighted to do so, and I accordingly sent the book over to England. In due course it came back to me, accompanied by the following note:

I have despatched your pretty volumes, with some words in MS.,—more perhaps than I should have put. I must apologize for one or two remarks; but some natural wrath arises at sight of one's own work prigged, without compunction or notice.

It appears that this was a pirated edition of "Lorna," though of course I was unaware of the fact when I sent it over to Mr. Blackmore.

On the fly-leaf of the first volume (it was in two) he had written these stanzas:

LORNA-LOQUITUR.

I am come from the far lands,  
With a smile upon my face.  
They accepted me so sweetly;  
They attired me so neatly;  
They have woven me such garlands,  
And endowed me with such grace.

But for all that I am yearning  
(Lest my poor head should reel)  
From the critics and the Townfolk  
To escape to the Downfolk;  
For the more I keep learning,  
The less good do I feel.

And as a foot-note to the third line of the first stanza, he wrote:

Too true it is, and they have never paid me a penny for her, and never will.

The book contains a short Preface, with a facsimile signature of Mr. Blackmore, and evidently purports to be specially written for this edition. The novelist, however, thought otherwise, for in my copy he had written:

The above was not written to any American publisher, and it is a mere trick to print it here as if it had been so.

The Introduction he brands as: "Inserted without ever asking my leave," and draws attention, in the margin, to several inaccuracies in what is said to be Devonshire dialect. "Utterly unlike Devonshire vowels," he writes.

In the second volume Mr. Blackmore wrote the following verses:

LORNA-CANTAT.

My love is mine, and I am his,  
And both are well contented;  
We do believe each other is  
The noblest thing invented.

Reflected in the loving eyes  
Our merits gain precision;  
And if there be a fault, it lies  
Behind the range of vision.

For travel's pleasure, or annoy,  
And overtures of new love,  
Enhance a thousandfold the joy  
Of coming home to true love.





## Literary Drill in College

### III.—Entrance Examinations in Joy

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

#### I

If entrance examinations in joy were required at our representative colleges very few of the pupils who are prepared for college in the ordinary way would be admitted. What is more serious than this, the honor-pupils in the colleges themselves at commencement time—those who have submitted most fully to the college requirements—would take a lower stand in a final examination in joy, whether of sense or spirit, than any others in the class. Their education has not consisted in the acquiring of a state of being, a condition of organs, a capacity of tasting life, of creating and sharing the joys and meanings in it. Their learning has largely consisted in the fact that they have learned at last to let their joys go. They have become the most satisfactory scholars, not because of their power of knowing, but because of their willingness to be powerless in knowing. When they have been drilled to know without joy, have become the day-laborers of learning, they are given diplomas for cheerlessness, and are sent forth into the world as teachers of the young. Almost any morning, in almost any town or city beneath the sun, you can see them, gentle reader, with the children, spreading their tired minds and their tired bodies over all the fresh and buoyant knowledge of the earth.

The graduates of the colleges for women (in The Association of Collegiate Alumnæ), have seriously discussed the question whether the college course in literature made them nearer or farther from creating literature themselves. The Editor of *Harper's Monthly* has recorded that "the spontaneity and freedom of subjective construction" in certain American authors was only made possible, probably, by their having escaped an early academic training. The *Century Magazine* has been so struck with the fact that hardly a single writer of original

power before the public has been a regular college graduate that it has offered special prizes and inducements for any form of creative literature—poem, story, or essay—that a college graduate could write.

If a teacher of literature desires to remove his subject from the uncreative methods he finds in use around him, he can only do so successfully by persuading trustees and college presidents that literature is an art and that it can only be taught through the methods and spirit and conditions that belong to art. If he succeeds in persuading trustees and presidents, he will probably find that faculties are not persuaded, and that, in the typical Germanized institution of learning at least, any work he may choose to do in the spirit and method of joy will be looked upon by the larger part of his fellow-teachers as superficial and pleasant. Those who do not feel that it is superficial and pleasant, who grant that working for a state of being is the most profound and worthy and strenuous work a teacher can do,—that it is what education is for,—will feel that it is impracticable. It is thus that it has come to pass in the average institution of learning that, if a teacher does not know what education is, he regards education as superficial, and if he does know what education is, he regards education as impossible.

It is not intended to be dogmatic, but it may be worth while to state from the pupil's point of view, and from memory, what kind of teacher a college student who is really interested in literature would like to have.

Given a teacher of literature who has *carte blanche* from the other teachers—the authorities around him, and from the trustees—the authorities over him, what kind of a stand will he find it best to take, if he proposes to give his pupils an actual knowledge of literature?

In the first place, he will stand on the general principle that if a pupil is to have an actual knowledge of literature as literature, he must experience literature as an art.

In the second place, if he is to teach literature to his pupils as an art to be mastered, he will begin his teaching as a master. Instead of his pupils determining that they will elect him, he will elect them. If there is to be any candidating, he will see that the candidating is properly placed, that the privilege at least of the first-class music master, dancing master, and teacher of painting—the choosing of his own pupils—is accorded to him. Inasmuch as the power and value of his class must always depend upon him, he will not allow either the size or the character of his classes to be determined by a catalogue, or by the examinations of other persons, or by the advertising facilities of the college. If actual results are to be achieved in his pupils, it can only be by his governing the conditions of their work and by keeping these conditions at all times in his own hands.

In the third place, he will see that his class is so conducted that out of a hundred who desire to belong to it the best ten only will be able to.

In the fourth place, he will not only determine which the best ten are himself, but he will make this determination on the one basis possible for a teacher of art—the basis of mutual attraction among the pupils. He will take his stand on the spiritual principle that if classes are to be vital classes, it is not enough that the pupils should elect the teacher, but the teacher and pupil must elect each other. The basis of an art is the mutual attraction that exists between things that belong together. The basis for transmitting an art to other persons is the natural attraction that exists between persons that belong together. The more mutual the attraction is,—complementary or otherwise,—the more condensed and powerful teaching can it be made the conductor of. If a hundred candidates offer themselves, fifty will be rejected because the attraction is not

mutual enough to insure swift and permanent results. Out of fifty, forty will be rejected probably for the sake of ten with whom the mutual attraction is so great that great things cannot help being accomplished by it.

The thorough and contagious teacher of literature will hold his power—the power of conveying the current and mood of art to others—as a public trust. He owes it to the institution in which he is placed to refuse to surround himself with non-conductors; and inasmuch as his power—such as it is—is instinctive power, it will be placed where it instinctively counts the most. In proportion as he loves his art and loves his kind and desires to get them on speaking terms with each other, he will devote himself to selected pupils, to those with whom he will throw the least away. His service to others will be to give to these such real, inspired, and reproductive knowledge, that it shall pass on from them to others of its own inherent energy. From the narrower—that is, the less spiritual—point of view, it has seemed perhaps a selfish and aristocratic thing for a teacher to make distinctions in persons in the conduct of his work, but from the point of view of the progress of the world, it is heartless and sentimental not to do otherwise, and without exception all of the most successful teachers in all of the arts have been successful quite as much through a kind of dictatorial insight in selecting the pupils they could teach, as in selecting the things they could teach them.

In the fifth place, having determined to choose his pupils himself, the selection will be determined by processes of his own choosing. These processes, whatever form or lack of form they may take, will serve to convey to the teacher the main knowledge he desires. They will be an examination in the capacity of joy in the pupil. Inasmuch as surplus joy in a pupil is the most promising thing he can have, the sole secret of any ability he may ever attain of learning literature, the basis of all discipline, it will be the first thing the teacher takes into account.

While it is obvious that an examination in joy could not be conducted in any set fashion, every great joy in the world has its natural diviners and experts, and teachers of literature who know its joy have plenty of ways of divining this joy in others.

In the sixth place, pupils will be dropped and promoted by a teacher in such a class as has been described, according to the spirit and force and creativeness of their daily work. Promotion will be by elimination—that is, the pupil will stay where he is and the class will be made smaller for him. The superior natural force of each pupil will have full sway in determining his share of the teacher's force. As this force belongs most to those who waste it least, if five tenths of the appreciation in a class belongs to one pupil, five tenths of the teacher belongs to him, and promotion is most truly effected, not by giving the best pupils a new teacher, but by giving them more of the old one. A teacher's work can only be successful in proportion as it is accurately individual and puts each pupil in the place he was made to fit.

In the seventh place, the select class will be selected by the teacher as a baseball captain selects his team, not as being the nine best men, but as being the nine men who most call each other out, and make the best play together. If the teacher selects his class wisely, the principle of his selection sometimes—from the outside, at least—will seem no principle at all. The class must have its fool, for instance, and pupils must be selected for useful defects as well as for virtues. Belonging to such a class will not be allowed to have a stiff, definite, water-metre meaning in it, with regard to the capacity of a pupil. It will only be known that he is placed in the class for some quality, fault, or inspiration in him that can be brought to bear on the state of being in the class in such a way as to produce results not only for himself, but for all concerned.

## II—NATURAL SELECTION IN THEORY

The conditions just stated as necessary for the vital teaching of literature

narrow themselves down, for the most part, to the very simple and common principle of life and art, the principle of natural selection.

As an item in current philosophy the principle of natural selection meets with general acceptance. It is one of those pleasant and instructive doctrines which, when applied to existing institutions, is opposed at once as a sensational, visionary, and revolutionary doctrine.

There are two most powerful objections to the doctrine of natural selection in education. One of these is the scholastic objection and the other is the religious one.

The scholastic objection is that natural selection in education is impracticable. It cannot be made to operate mechanically, or for large numbers, and it interferes with nearly all of the educational machinery we have at command at present. Even if the machinery could be stopped and natural selection could be given the place that belongs to it, all success in acting on it would call for hand-made teachers; and hand-made teachers are not being produced when we have nothing but machines to produce them with. The scholastic objection—that natural selection in education is impracticable under existing conditions—is obviously well taken. As it cannot be answered, it had best be taken perhaps—as a recommendation.

The religious objection to natural selection in education is not that it is impracticable, but that it is wicked. It rests its case on the defence of the weak.

But the question at issue is not whether the weak shall be served and defended or whether they shall not. We all would serve and defend the weak. If a teacher feels that he can serve his inferior pupils best by making his superior pupils inferior too, it is probable that he had better do it, and that he will know how to do it, and that he will know how to do it better than anyone else. There are many teachers, however, who have the instinctive belief, and who act on it so far as they are allowed to, that to take



the stand that the inferior pupil must be defended at the expense of the superior pupil is to take a sentimental stand. It is not a stand in favor of the inferior pupil, but against him.

The best way to respect an inferior pupil is to keep him in place. The more he is kept in place, the more his powers will be called upon. If he is in the place above him, he may see much that he would not see otherwise, much at which he will wonder, perhaps; but he deserves to be treated spiritually and thoroughly, to be kept where he will be creative, where his wondering will be to the point, both at once and eventually.

It is a law that holds as good in the life of a teacher of literature as it does in the lives of makers of literature. From the point of view of the world at large, the author who can do anything else has no right to write for the average man. There are plenty of people who cannot help writing for him. Let them do it. It is their right and the world's right that they should be the ones to do it. It is the place that belongs to them, and why should nearly every man we have of the more seeing kind to-day deliberately compete with men who cannot compete with him? The man who abandons the life that belongs to him,—the life that would not exist in the world if he did not live it and keep it existing in the world, and who does it to help his inferiors, does not help his inferiors. He becomes their rival. He crowds them out of their lives.

There could not possibly be a more noble, or more exact and spiritual law of progress than this—that every man should take his place in human society and do his work in it with his nearest spiritual neighbors. These nearest spiritual neighbors are a part of the economy of the universe. They are now and always have been the natural conductors over the face of the earth of all actual power in it. It has been through the grouping of the nearest spiritual neighbors around the world that men have unfailingly found the heaven-appointed, world-remoulding teachers of every age.

It does not sound very much like Thomas Jefferson,—and it is to be admitted that there are certain lines in our first great national document which, read on the run at least, may seem to deny it,—but the living spirit of Thomas Jefferson does not teach that amputation is progress, nor does true Democracy admit either the patriotism or the religion of a man who feels that his legs must be cut off to run to the assistance of neighbors whose legs are cut off. An educational Democracy which expects a pupil to be less than himself for the benefit of other pupils is a mock Democracy, and it is the very essence of a Democracy of the truer kind that it expects every man in it to be more than himself. And if a man's religion is of the truer kind, it will not be heard telling him that he owes it to God and The Average Man to be less than himself.

### III—NATURAL SELECTION IN PRACTICE

It is not going to be possible very much longer to take it for granted that natural selection is a somewhat absent-minded and heathen habit that God has fallen into in the natural world, and uses in his dealings with men, but that it is not a good enough law for men to use in their dealings with one another.

The main thing that science has done in the last fifty years, in spite of conventional religion and so-called scholarship, has been to bring to pass in men a respect for the natural world. The next thing that is to be brought to pass—also in spite of conventional religion and so-called scholarship—is the self-respect of the natural man and of the instincts of human nature. The self-respect of the natural man, when once he gains it, is a thing that is bound to take care of itself, and take care of the man, and take care of everything that is important to the man.

Inasmuch as, in the long run at least, education—even in times of its not being human—interests humanity more than anything else, a most important consequence of the self-respect

of the natural man is going to be an uprising, all over the world, of teachers who believe something. The most important consequence of having teachers who believe something will be a wholesale and uncompromising rearrangement of nearly all our systems and methods of education. Instead of being arranged to cow the teacher with routine, to keep teachers from being human beings and to keep their pupils from finding it out if they are human beings, they will be arranged on the principle that the whole object of knowledge is the being of a human being, and the only way to know anything worth knowing in the world is to begin by knowing how to be a human being—and by liking it.

Not until our current education is based throughout on expecting great things of human nature instead of secretly despising it, can it truly be called education. Expectancy is the very essence of education. Actions not only speak louder than words, they make words as though they were not; and so long as our teachers confine themselves to saying beautiful and literary things about the instincts of the human heart, and do not trust their own instincts in their daily teaching, and the instincts of their pupils, and do not make this trust the foundation of all their work, the more they educate the more they destroy. The destruction is both ways, and whatever the subjects are they may choose to know, murder and suicide are the branches they teach.

The chief characteristic of the teacher of the future is going to be that he will dare to believe in himself, and that he will divine some one thing to believe in, in everybody else, and that, trusting the laws of human nature, he will go to work on this some one thing, and work out from it to everything. Inasmuch as the chief working principle of human nature is the principle of natural selection, the entire method of the teacher of the future will be based on his faith in natural selection. All such teaching as he attempts to do will be worked out from the temperamental, involuntary,

primitive choices of his own being, both in persons and in subjects. His power with his classes will be his power of divining the free and unconscious and primitive choices of individual pupils in persons and subjects.

Half of the battle is already won. The principle of natural selection between pupils and subjects is recognized in the elective system, but we have barely commenced to conceive as yet the principle of natural selection in its more important application—mutual attraction between teacher and pupil—natural selection in its deeper and more powerful and spiritual sense—the kind of natural selection that makes the teacher a worker in wonder, and education the handiwork of God.

In most of our great institutions we do not believe in even the theory of this deeper natural selection, and if we do believe in it, sitting in endowed chairs under the Umbrella of Endowed Ideas, how can we act on that belief? And if we do, who will come out and act with us? If it does not seem best for even the single teacher, doing his teaching unattached and quite by himself, to educate in the open—to trust his own soul and the souls of his pupils to the nature of things, how much less shall the great institution, with its crowds of teachers and its rows of pupils and its Vested Funds be expected to lay itself open—lay its teachers and pupils and its Vested Funds open—to the nature of things? We are suspicious of the nature of things. God has concealed a lie in them. We do not believe. Therefore we cannot teach.

The conclusion is inevitable. As long as we believe in natural selection between pupil and subject, but do not believe in natural selection between pupil and teacher, no great results in education or in teaching a vital relation to books or to anything else will be possible. As long as natural selection between pupil and teacher is secretly regarded as an irreligious and selfish instinct, with which a teacher must have nothing to do, instead of a divine ordinance, a heaven-appointed starting-point for doing everything,

the average routine teacher in the conventional school and college will continue to be the kind of teacher he is and will continue to belong to what seems to many at least the sentimental and superstitious and pessimistic profession he belongs to now. Why should a teacher allow himself to teach without inspiration in the one profession on the earth where, between the love of God and the love of the opening faces, inspiration—one would say—could hardly be missed? Certainly, if it was ever intended that artists should be in the world it was intended that teachers should be artists. And why should we be artisans? If we cannot be artists, if we are not allowed to make our work a self-expression, were it not better to get one's living by the labor of one's hands,—by digging in the wonder of the ground? A stone-crusher, as long as one works one's will with it,—makes it say something,—is nearer to nature than a college. "I would rather do manual labor with my hands than manual labor with my soul," the true artist is saying to-day, and a great many thousand teachers are saying it, and thousands more who would like to teach. The moment that teaching ceases to be a trade and becomes a profession again, these thousands are going to crowd into it. Until the artist-teachers have been attracted to teaching, things can only continue as they are. Young men and women who are capable of teaching will continue to do all that they can not to get into it, and young men and women who are capable of teaching and who are still trying to teach will continue to do all that they can to get out of it. When the schools of America have all been obliged, like the city of Brooklyn, to advertise to secure even poor teachers, we shall begin to see where we stand,—stop our machinery a while and look at it.

The only way out is the return to nature, and to faith in the freedom of nature. Not until the teacher of the young has dared to return to nature, has won the emancipation of his own instincts and the emancipation of the instincts of his pupils, can we expect

anything better than we have now of either of them. Not until the modern teacher has come to the point where he deliberately works with his instincts, where he looks upon himself as an artist working in the subject that attracts him most, and in the material that is attracted to him most, can we expect to secure in our crowded conditions to-day enough teaching to go around. The one practical and economical way to make our limited supply of passion and thought cover the ground is to be spiritual and spontaneous and thorough with what we have. The one practical and economical way to do this is to leave things free, to let the natural forces in men's lives find the places that belong to them, develop the powers that belong to them, until power in every man's life shall be contagious of power. In the meantime, having brought out the true and vital energies of men as far as we go, if we are obliged to be specialists in knowledge we shall be specialists of the larger sort. The powers of each man, being actual and genuine powers, shall play into the powers of other men. Each man that essays to live shall create for us a splendor and beauty and strength he was made to create from the beginning of the world.

To those who sit in the seat of the scornful the somewhat lyrical idea of an examination in joy as a basis of admission to the typical college appeals as a fit subject of laughter. So it is. Having admitted the laugh, the question is—all human life is questioning the college to-day—which way shall the laugh point?

If the conditions of the typical college do not allow for the working of the laws of nature, so much the worse for the laws of nature, or so much the worse for the college. In the meantime, it is good to record that there are many signs—thanks to these same laws of nature—that a most powerful reaction is setting in, not only in the colleges themselves, but in all the forces of culture outside and around them. The examination in joy—the test of natural selection—is already employed by all celebrated music masters the

world over in the choosing of pupils, and by all capable teachers of painting, and the time is not far off when, so far as courses in literature are concerned (if the teaching of literature is attempted in crowded institutions), the examination in joy will be the determining factor with all the best teachers, not only in the conduct of their classes, but in the very structure of them. Structure is the basis of conduct.

#### IV—THE EMANCIPATION OF THE TEACHER

The custom of mowing lawns in cities, of having every grass-blade in every door-yard like every other grass-blade, is considered by many persons as an artificial custom—a violation of the law of nature. It is contended that the free-swinging, wind-blown grasses of the fields are more beautiful and that they give more various and infinite delight in color and line and movement. If a piece of this same field, however, could be carefully cut out and moved and fitted to a city door-yard—bobolinks and daisies and shadows and all, precisely as they are—it would not be beautiful. Long grass conforms to a law of nature where nature has room, and short grass conforms to a law of nature where nature has not room.

When, for whatever reason, of whatever importance, men and women choose to be so close together that it is not fitting they should have freedom, and when they choose to have so little room to live in that development is not fitting lest it should inconvenience others, the penalty follows. When grass-blades are crowded between walls and fences, the more they can be made to look alike the more pleasing they are, and when an acre of ground finds itself covered with a thousand people, or a teacher of culture finds himself mobbed with pupils, the law of nature is the same. Whenever crowding of any kind takes place, whether it be in grass, ideas, or human nature, the most pleasing as well as the most convenient and natural way of producing a beautiful effect is with the Lawn Mower. The dead level is the logic of crowded con-

ditions. The city grades down its hills for the convenience of reducing its sewer problem. It makes its streets into blocks for the convenience of knowing where every home is, and how far it is, by a glance at a page, and, in order that the human beings in it (one set of innumerable nobodies hurrying to another set of innumerable nobodies) may never be made to turn out perchance for an elm on a sidewalk, it cuts down centuries of trees, and then, out of its modern improvements, its maps of life, its woods in rows, its wheels on tracks, and its souls in pigeonholes—out of its huge Checker-board under the days and nights, it lifts its eyes to the smoke in heaven, at last, and thanks God it is civilized!

If we deliberately prefer to live in crowds for the larger part of our lives, we must expect our lives to be cut and fitted accordingly. It is an æsthetic as well as a practical law that this should be so. The law of nature where there is room for a man to be a man is not the law of nature where there is not room for him to be a man. If there is no playground for his individual instincts except the street he must give them up. Inasmuch as natural selection in overcrowded conditions means selecting things by taking them away from others, it can be neither beautiful nor useful to practise it.

People who prefer to be educated in masses must conform to the law of mass, which is inertia, and to the law of the herd, which is the Dog. As long as our prevailing idea of the best elective is the one with the largest class, and the prevailing idea of culture is the degree from the most crowded college, all natural gifts, whether in teachers or pupils, are under a penalty. If we deliberately place ourselves where everything is done by the gross, as a matter of course and in the nature of things the machine-made man, taught by the machine-made teacher, in a teaching-machine, will continue to be the typical scholar of the modern world; and the gentleman-scholar—the man who made himself, or who gave God a chance to make him—will



continue to be what he is now in most of our large teaching communities—an exception.

Culture which has not the power to win the emancipation of its teachers does not produce emancipated and powerful pupils. The essence of culture is selection, and the essence of selection is natural selection, and teachers who have not been educated with natural selection cannot teach with it. Teachers who have given up being individuals in the main activity of their lives, who are not allowed to be individuals in their teaching, do not

train pupils to be individuals. Their pupils, instead of being organic human beings, are manufactured ones. Literary drill in college consists in drilling every man to be himself—in giving him the freedom of himself. Probably it would be admitted by most of us who are college graduates that the teachers who loom up in our lives are those whom we remember as emancipated teachers—men who dared to be individuals in their daily work, and who, every time they touched us, helped us to be individuals.



THE white rose-tree that spent its musk  
For lovers' sweeter praise,  
The stately walks we sought at dusk,  
Have missed thee many days.

Again with once familiar feet  
I tread the old parterre;  
But, ah, its bloom is now less sweet  
Than when thy face was there!

I hear the birds of evening call;  
I take the wild perfume;  
I pluck a rose—to let it fall  
And perish in the gloom.

## The Effects of a "First Night" upon the Actor

By MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

SOME day a psychologist may write an interesting essay on the strangely varying effects upon actors of a first-night performance. It would require a psychologist to illustrate and analyze the temperamental phenomena that a first-night performance develops.

One actor is stimulated by the excitement of a first performance to do his best, and all the conditions of such an event seem to inspire his most artistic efforts. On the other hand, another actor is depressed by the excitement of such an event and fails utterly to develop in a character those attributes that study, ability, and purpose may have promised. The writer belongs to the latter unfortunate class, and has passed through strange experiences in consequence.

To the player unhappily affected on a first night the conditions seem to be abnormal, and they are destructive of confidence and are a weight on the spirit. The excitement, the preliminary hurry, the worry over things that may go wrong, and the general nervousness—for even the players who pass through the ordeal successfully are themselves nervous before the play begins—all these things have a dispiriting, benumbing, and depressing effect. Are this depression and its concomitants the results of weakness of artistic character, or are they due to a momentary confusion of the artistic sensibilities which, in favorable circumstances, prove the possession of a higher type of artistic character? The player who on a first night may be rendered inefficient by the peculiar influences of the occasion may subsequently show the very best that is in him. Thus the temporary weakness must be accidental rather than a characteristic fault.

Some of us, as has been said, are spurred to the most effective action by the excitements of a first performance, while others are, as it were, driven into the shell with dominant desire to have the task at hand finished as soon as possible, and dulled almost to uncon-

cern as to the manner in which the task shall be accomplished. With one or two exceptions, I myself at my New York performances have on first nights emerged with a vivid personal sense of failure that has been confirmed by critical opinion, no matter how fortunately that first-night inadequacy may have been made up for in subsequent performances. And an impression of failure, either comparative or absolute, has far-reaching consequences, no matter how quickly or how thoroughly it may afterward be dissipated by success in the same play. At first it in some measure involves all concerned, from the leading player to the humblest, and from the management and the author to the critics, even the fairest and best equipped of whom cannot be expected to hang about a theatre night after night until favoring circumstances and the spirit of a chief player and the esprit of supporting players combine for a triumph and an audience acclaims it. Of course there is much that may be said to excuse the occasional failure of the critic rightly to interpret the possibilities of a player and a play on the first night. It seldom happens that those critics whose opinions are first seen by the public can witness the whole of a play or a performance before writing of it and commending it or condemning it. And few critics, like few judges, will reverse their original opinions.

The prophecies of a first night, in most cases made honestly, often are shown to be absolutely false. My most interesting experience in proof of this was concerned with the presentation of the play "Magda." I was discouraged from producing this play in New York, but persisted in my resolve to present it. Several of the more prominent newspapers declined to herald it, and most of the newspapers, by the way, condemned its performance—and righteously, I may add, from the first-night view-point. As I had expected, the audience gathered to witness the

production was small, and it projected that indefinable influence characteristic of many first-night audiences—a chilling influence flowing from a concrete determination that it should not like the performance. The apathy and lack of sympathy in the audience quickly communicated with the actors. The performance really was dull, stupid, and, from a popular view-point, a failure. The play was performed for two weeks. For several nights the original dullness continued. Suddenly there came a night of electrical and warming triumph, and that still before a small body of auditors. From that night the audiences grew in size and waxed in enthusiasm to the end of the run of the play, which closed to an overflowing, ardently-demonstrative audience. It may be interesting to the student of the theatre to know that the greatest success the writer ever has known in her stage career was experienced at this final performance of "Magda." And this, although that play is almost un-

known in our repertoire.

The first performance in New York of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was in effect a failure. But success came afterward. On the first night of "Becky Sharp" the performance was unsatisfactory, and the last act of that play was received with no understanding of it, with little interest, and with the slightest favor. Later in the season it became the best and most entertaining act of the play; and yet nothing in it that would explain this fact has been changed. It is only that the subtle something that vitally influences a performance and its effect was lacking on the first night and had since been potent. These are odd facts and are unconsidered by writers on the stage. They deal with some of the hidden springs that work for failure or for success in the theatre. They are but abstracts from the strange realizations of many actors that the actors themselves wonder at and cannot explain.

## Hall Caine's "The Eternal City"

By CHARLES JAMES WOOD

THE first word to be said about Mr. Hall Caine's "The Eternal City"\* is a word concerning its literary quality. Compared with the "Deemster" it is generally inferior in freshness and inspiration, yet at places, such as the Pope's conversation with Father Pifferi in the Vatican Gardens, Baron Bonelli's last interview with Roma, and Rossi's triumph in the Chamber of Deputies, one is struck with the author's fertility of invention, and these instances by no means exhaust the strong passages of the book.

May one be permitted to imagine that during the writing of "The Eternal City" the author had usually in mind its ulterior dramatization. It is stocked with dramatic situations; the *mise en scène* of most of the "situations" would be effective and the grouping of the *dramatis personæ* picturesque. The plot likewise would

probably work out well on the stage, even better than in printed pages, where the secret of the plot is guessed almost from the beginning. In fact, the name "Leone" hints at the mystery of Rossi's extraction. Be that as it may, the machinery of the story is ingeniously put together and shows the hand of a skilful craftsman. Some of the names of the characters thinly cover actual persons. Pius X. is Leo XIII., the King is Humbert I., and Bonelli, the late Signor Crispi, and it would not be wholly unfair to see in Rossi a recrudescence of Giuseppe Mazzini. Mr. Caine makes use of the Accerito case, of the Milan riots, of the public safety decree, the prison scandals, and the policies of Rudinik and Pelloux. Dr. Rosselli probably stands for the late Prof. Gabriele Rossetti, an Italian refugee in London, whose gifted children, Dante, the artist, William, Christina, and Maria, are known to the world.

\*"The Eternal City." By Hall Caine. Appleton. \$2.50.



Mr. Caine is careful not to side very strongly with either the kingdom or papacy of Italy. On the whole, however, he leans toward the Church, and admires the private character of the present Pope. The scene where the Pope renounces temporal power and sends home the soldiers who have sought Rossi in sanctuary at the Vatican, is dramatic, though highly improbable. The principal characters are distinctly portrayed, and there is an intensity of feeling sustained to the very end of the book.

Mr. Caine has studied the Roman problem with his feelings. He lacks that species of power which Zola exercised in his "Rome," and Ferdinand Fabre in "Lucifer,"—the power, I mean, of understanding the real temper of the Roman Curia and of the Roman Pope. After all, Mr. Caine apparently has another purpose, which is to place Christian Socialism parallel with the papacy and also with one of the newest kingdoms of the world, a kingdom, by the way, begun and established by the help of Christian Socialists. The early cry of modern Italy was for liberty—not for royalty.

There is one popular phase of feeling in Italy that Mr. Caine has left out of his array of the factors of social life in Rome, as embodied in "The Eternal City." The answer of the army and King to the Pope when reproached with the burdensome taxation that militarism has laid upon the masses, is that it is the Pope's fault, for he is always intriguing to bring France to Piedmont, Austria to Venice, etc. Of the truth of this accusation the present writer has nothing to say. Does Mr. Caine think it true or false?

We are not to concern ourselves about the author's personal theories, religious and political. In so far as he is a skilful craftsman, an author puts forth his characters dramatically. His purpose is the main point. What is the purpose of "The Eternal City" but to praise Christian Socialism? Now, Christian Socialism is the only kind of Socialism practicable. Long ago Victor Hugo declared that the constitution

of any government ought to be a copy of the Gospels. State Socialism would be a hell on earth. In so far as Christianity permeates and saturates humanity, just to that extent will Christian Socialism become possible. That consummation will not be by-and-by. Christianity has never had a good chance to get incarnated in modern collective life. Still there is progress. Whether the Socialistic state of the future be a papacy, a kingdom or empire, or a democracy, will matter little or nothing, so long as that clause of the Lord's Prayer, *Thy kingdom come*, becomes realized in the hearts and minds of the people. Now, Mr. Caine's David Rossi thinks that condition of things is bound some day to arrive. Who knows? Perhaps Rossi is right. In making David Rossi, to be David Leone, the son of the Pope, by religious, but not civil marriage, the author symbolizes the emergence of Christian Socialism from the Universal Church, under the teachings of Jesus and his Sermon on the Mount. While on this point, notice also other symbols in this novel, such as the name of the heroine, Roma; her project of a fountain, which came to nothing, since the corrupt modern government of Rome and Italy did not want living water from Christ and his Apostles; likewise the incident of the Pope's cat and the bird's-nest, at the very time when Pius X. revealed the confidences of Roma; also Bonelli's death from the rays of the jewel of the Order of the Annunziata, and, as a whole, the character of Bruno Rocco, "the Roman of Rome." There are many other instances which the reader can detect for himself.

Mr. Caine has chosen a momentous and complicated theme and has skilfully managed it. Whatever be the reader's political opinions, it must be admitted that the ideals of Rossi, the dreamer, are worshipped when contrasted with the opportunism of the practical politics of Bonelli. If there be in this story less of spontaneity than in others of Mr. Hall Caine's books there is a firmer grasp and greater skill.

# Ernest Seton-Thompson

By WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

THE most interesting of Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson's books is still unwritten—namely, his autobiography. Few men have led a more varied existence than the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," but as yet only a modicum of his personal experiences has been given directly to the world, for, like most Englishmen, he does not willingly talk for publication. Indeed, this trait is, superficially at least, the most striking mark of his nationality, residence in Canada and the United States having modified the distinctive English accent which we may assume originally to have existed.

"I was born in the north of England forty-one years ago," he said in the brief course of his autobiographical remarks, "and was educated partly in my native country and partly in Canada. After my definitive return to Canada at the end of my school-days, I spent several years knocking around the province of Manitoba, working at times as a laborer on the farms, in order to earn enough money to keep me going, and then wandering through the wilder portions with everything I owned on my back. Yes, I worked literally as a day-laborer," and he held out his strong, nervous hands, which are bronzed by exposure, but which retain no slightest trace of these early experiences. "They don't show what they have been through, do they? The only way to get big, coarse hands is to be brought up to manual labor; otherwise as soon as you get back to your desk or studio they become normally delicate again."

"Owing to family reasons," the subject of this sketch is the possessor of several sets of names, by each of which he is known to a certain portion of the reading and artistic world. To the readers of his stories he is Ernest Seton-Thompson, to his friends he is Ernest Thompson Seton, while to those familiar with his purely scientific books and drawings, the latter being

well represented in the *Century Dictionary*, he is Ernest E. T. Seton.

To obtain this information a series of questions were necessary, eliciting the fact that in private life the author prefers to be known by his family name of Seton—the cognomen, it seems, of an ancient Scottish family, whose American branch he represents.

"Certainly never with my approval am I addressed as Thompson," he said during the unravelling of this "nominal" complication; "that is like calling a man Gregor when his name is MacGregor. It should be written Seton-Thompson, with a hyphen."

Physically the hunter-author is ideally adapted to hardships and wanderings in the wilderness; or would it perhaps be more logical to regard his physical development as the result of such experiences? Slightly under six feet in height, he is of the order of men who distinguish themselves by phenomenal endurance rather than by feats of strength. Lithe, spare, and wiry, in other days he might have been selected by the tribal heads for the bearing of despatches or to give warning of the enemy's approach. In reference to his hirsute adornment and clear-cut profile, Mr. Seton-Thompson has so frequently been styled a "dark-haired Paderewski" as to preclude further employment of the comparison.

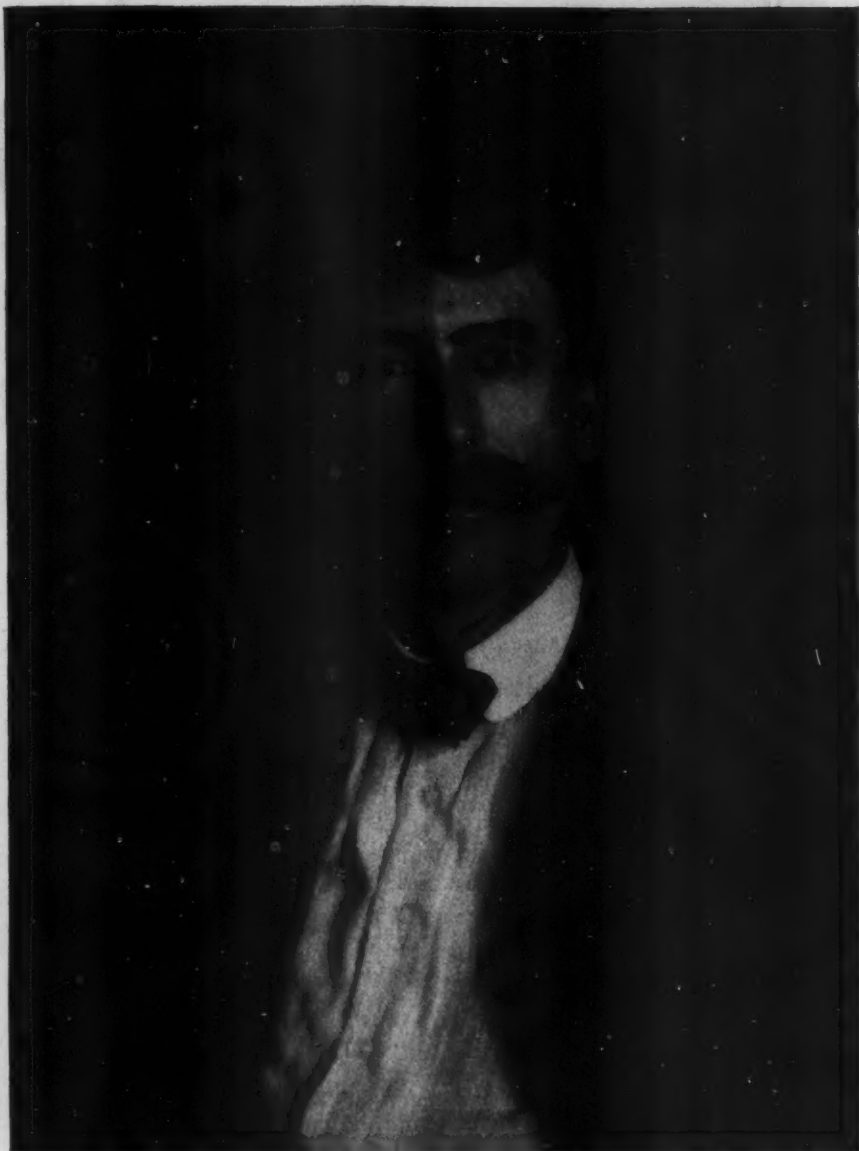
A man's surroundings are an index to his character. Mr. Seton's large, airy studio, in the front of his apartment overlooking Bryant Park, is a spot in which one may easily imagine animal stories being written. Indeed, the temptation assails the chance visitor to essay this style of literature himself. On the walls hang a number of animal drawings executed by their owner, and on the shelves stand a collection of scientific works on the fauna of various countries, together with the author's journals and his extensive collection of photographs, carefully arranged under the headings of "bears,"

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MR. ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON  
(Photograph for The Critic by Watson)

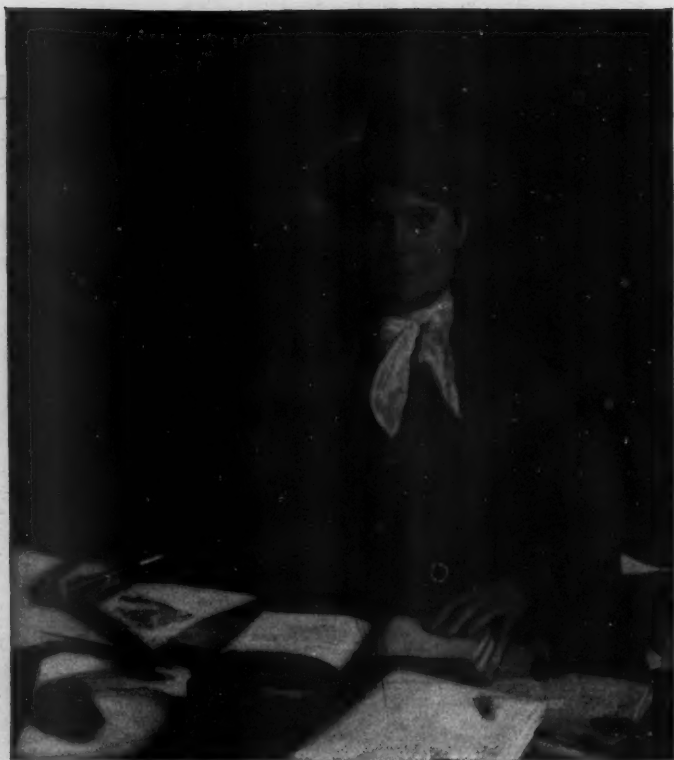


Photo by

MRS. ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON

Watson

"wolves," "birds," etc. In one corner lies the great mounted head of a Rocky Mountain big-horn, from which might have been drawn the illustration for the "Cootenay Ram" on the easel opposite, save for the greater magnificence of horn in the pictured lord of the mountain. This is one of the numerous illustrations for Mr. Seton's new collection of stories, "The Lives of the Hunted," which is to appear in the early autumn. About half of them have already been published in magazine form.

"My wife calls me a man of one idea," said the writer, in speaking of his books, "and I suppose it is true. All my work has been done with the idea of popularizing science, of inducing people to take an interest in the animal world."

"Which are you the most interested

in, Mr. Seton, the scientific side of your work or what one may call the 'fictional' side?"

"The scientific—my only object in writing about animals in the story-form is to attract a class of readers who would not otherwise care to read about them."

"Do you ever intend to write fiction?"

"No, that is entirely out of my line; I have never even attempted it."

"I have a theory, Mr. Seton," I said, "that the surest way to gain immortality as an author is to write about animals. Man's interest in the animal world is so spontaneous and unchanging that what interests one generation in this line is pretty sure to interest all. Don't you agree with me?"

"I really could n't say, as I have never tried another generation. How-

ever, it is true that an interest in animal legends is found among all peoples, and in some cases even the same story at widely separated points. As, for instance, the legend of 'Reinicke Fuchs,' that Goethe was the latest to put into literary form. The most popular treatment, however, in Germany was that of an anonymous poet of the eleventh century, for whose detection a reward was offered, as he was

treated as types, personifications of certain human qualities."

"It is from the imaginative point of view, I should say, that Kipling's jungle stories are written, rather than from the scientific, is it not?"

"Certainly; he did n't pretend to write anything but fiction in doing them."

"You are acquainted with him, are you not? I have seen it stated that



Photo by

MR. SETON-THOMPSON IN HIS STUDIO

Watson

supposed to have caricatured the Landgraf of his province in 'Reinicke.' They did n't find out, however, who had written it."

"This same story of the fox was found in France, was it not?"

"Yes, and through it the name 'reynard' became so popular that it quite displaced the Latin name 'vulpes,' that had previously been universal for the fox. None of these animal legends, however, has any scientific value; the animals in them are all

you told him the story of 'Wahb' before it appeared in the *Century*, and that he urged you to write it, despite your objection that it was not worth doing. Is that true?"

"It is true that I told him the story, but I don't know that that had anything to do with my writing it, as at the time it was already partly on paper."

"Well, that is pretty accurate for a newspaper story, at all events."

"I recently received a letter from a



man in Canada," said my host, apropos of newspaper anecdotes about celebrities, "saying that the writer knew my books and that he had read of my having been in Manitoba during a certain summer in the eighties, and inquiring whether it was not perhaps I from whom he had bought a rubber blanket for a dollar at that time. I wrote back that his supposition was probably correct, as I remembered having sold my blanket to a man in Manitoba. A few weeks later I received a clipping from a Canadian newspaper, headed 'Forced to Sell his Blanket,' in which an account was given of the plight to which I had been reduced, having been compelled to sell a ten-dollar blanket, said the article, for one dollar. As a matter of fact, I had bought the blanket two years before for one dollar, and had thus had the use of it all that time for nothing. Moreover, I did not sell it because I was hard up, but solely to avoid the necessity of lugging it around with me."

I had heard indirectly of the hardships suffered by Mr. Seton in former years in the city that is now madly anxious to pour money into his lap,—or, rather, into the lap of his wife, as it is she, if report speaks truly, who treats with publishers and lecture-managers,—but much questioning was needed for the eliciting of even the outlines of that "meagre" period.

"I don't know that there is anything especially interesting to tell," Mr. Seton kept saying in deprecating manner; "I had my privations like other men, and struggled along somehow through them, but I don't know that there is anything especially interesting in them."

"Tell about your Madison Square experience, Ernest," urged Mrs. Seton, who during much of my visit was busy, with pencil and ruler, with the "make-up" of her husband's new book.

"No, no, that is not worth while; besides, it has already repeatedly appeared in print," and so I did not get to hear of the Madison Square episode.

"I first came to New York in 1883," he said, "but could only stick it out for two years. I had n't a cent in my

pocket, and for days I tramped around the town trying to get something to do, anything to keep from starving. At last, by chance, I wandered into a lithographer's and asked him for a job. On the strength of my drawings, he said he would try me, and asked me what pay I wanted. I was ready to take ten dollars a week, but I boldly demanded forty. The result was that he employed me as a lithographer at fifteen dollars a week. One day, several months later, by accident I overheard a Jew customer say to him: 'If I could get a goot raven, I t'ink I could make ten t'ousand.' As soon as he had left I went to the proprietor and told him I had heard what the Jew had said and that I wanted him to let me make the drawing. 'Why, what do you know about ravens?' he said. 'Never mind,' I replied; 'you let me try and I'll show you.' Perhaps something in my manner impressed him with the idea that I knew what I was talking about; at all events, he told me to go ahead and try, and I went out to Central Park and drew one of the ravens. The Jew was delighted with it, and on the strength of this success I struck my boss for a raise of salary. 'Don't you think I'm worth fifty dollars a week to you now?' I asked him. 'I have shown that I can do what your high-priced artists can't do, and yet you want to keep me on fifteen dollars a week.' At last, after a lot of hemming and hawing, he agreed to come up to twenty dollars a week, but most unwillingly. For several months longer I worked on under this arrangement, and then I told him I must have another increase. He refused; so I said I would quit. When he saw I was really in earnest he offered to make it twenty-five dollars, but I stuck to what I had said, and pulled out for the West, feeling as though I never wanted to see the place again. But two years later I was back once more; this time, however, at the instigation of the *Century* Company, as they wanted me to make bird-drawings for the dictionary."

"Which was your first story, Mr. Seton?"

"The Carberry Deer Hunt," which

appeared in *Forest and Stream* in 1886. This contained the material afterward embodied in 'The Sandhill Stag,' although neither so extensively nor so well worked out. Oh, no; that was n't my first story, either—I forgot. 'Way back in 1880 I had written a story called 'The King Bird,' but it never appeared. I have it in the box yonder with other unpublished manuscripts, and some day I may find out what is the matter with it and get it into shape that satisfies me."

"How did you first become generally known, Mr. Seton; was it through one story in particular?"

"No; that is a very hard thing to do, to make one's reputation by a magazine story. After the *Forest and Stream* story I continued to write for numerous publications,—'The Drummer on Snow-Shoes,' which was the precursor of 'Red Ruff,' appearing in *St. Nicholas* in 1887, and others, such as 'The True Story of a Little Gray Rabbit,' the prototype of 'Molly Cotton-Tail,' and others following at short intervals; but it was not till the publication of a number of these in book form in 1898, under the name of 'Wild

Animals I Have Known,' that I really made a name for myself. And even then it was gradual work, and I have, besides, followed it up by a new book every year."

"You know, I suppose," said Mrs. Seton, "that my husband is official naturalist of Manitoba? He was given the position as the result of his two books, 'The Birds of Manitoba' and 'The Mammals of Manitoba,' which were published in 1891 and 1892. During the World's Fair he represented the province in Chicago; indeed, the position was created for him for that occasion."

"I have sometimes been accused of plagiarizing the idea of animal stories from Kipling," remarked Mr. Seton toward the end of my visit, when the conversation had again come round to the pervasive English author, "but, as a matter of fact, the first time I ever even heard his name was in 1894, when a friend of mine said to me, apropos of my own stories, 'You ought to read the animal tales of a man named Kipling.' It was in that way that I first became acquainted with 'The Jungle Book.'"



EST

"LOOKING FOR HONEY"

(Original Drawing by E. S.-T.)

## The Drama

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

ALTHOUGH there was nothing particularly dramatic in the life of Thomas Moore, one would think that a skilled dramatist, with knowledge of his subject and a little imagination, would not find it very difficult to construct an en-

with which Mr. Andrew Mack opened the season at the Herald Square Theatre, did not perceive his opportunity, or failed to take advantage of it. After making every allowance for the restrictions imposed upon him by the neces-



Photo by

Falk

MISS GALLAND IN "THE FOREST LOVERS"

tertaining semi-historical social comedy around the central figure of a man so distinguished as a poet, satirist, and patriot, and so intimately associated with many of the most eminent personages of a particularly interesting period. Unfortunately, Mr. Theodore Burt Sayre, in writing the new play

sity of reducing the dimensions of his hero to the limits of his star's capacity, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that he might have produced something more worthy of serious consideration, and more diverting, than a conventional Irish play with a few historical names and incidents introduced

by way of literary seasoning. It is not worth while to attempt a synopsis of a plot bearing so faint a relation to the actual facts of Moore's career. Suffice it to say that the poet is represented not as a scholar, wit, and polished gentleman, with the honors of Dublin University thick upon him, but as the ordinary dapper young stage Irishman in love with the village school-mistress, against whose virtue a later Lovelace, of the Georgian era, is conspiring. The complications, which are of the crudest kind, follow the familiar course of old-fashioned melodrama. Moore, after enduring the usual persecutions from the wicked baronet, into whose hands he plays with persistent simplicity, finally confounds his foes, marries the girl, and regains the favor of the regent, who visits his garret to endow him with the poet-laureateship. Sheridan, Beau Brummel, Lord Moira, and others participate in the proceedings, but they are insignificant puppets, who might just as well be called by other names. As popular entertainment, the piece is well enough. It has plenty of incidents, comic or melodramatic, some of which, if old, are not ineffective, and a liberal sprinkling of selected wit, which is none the worse for having seen long service. The real attraction, of course, is Mr. Andrew Mack, who has a cheerful and engaging personality and uses a tenor voice in a way that never fails to excite the admiration of the injudicious. His art, as actor or singer, is not of a high order, but he has many admirers, and if he can bring the sweet old Irish melodies into favor again his labor will not be in vain.

The rival Don Cæsars of Mr. Faversham and Mr. Hackett, the one seen at the Criterion and the other at Wallack's Theatre, afforded a striking demonstration of the decay of the art of romantic acting during the last twenty-five years. Both young actors did well, according to their lights, but their impersonations seemed strangely tame and unexciting compared with those of a preceding generation. Their essentially modern methods—more or less natural, that is to say, ineffective,

delivery, deliberate movement, and restrained action—failed to give vitality or credulity to a character which appeals to the fancy, not the understand-



Photo

MR. SOTHERN AS "LOVELACE"

Marceau

ing. Of the two impersonations that of Mr. Hackett was the better in respect of animation, dash, and romantic carriage, although there was a sad lack of spontaneity in its humor, while that of Mr. Faversham exhibited the greater neatness in execution. Neither of them suggested the higher traits of the

character, which the old players brought into strong relief, and which lifts it out of the regions of melodrama into those of comedy. There are some superbly picturesque moments for Don

days. They lacked fire, dash, eloquence, grace, brilliancy, audacity—qualities of small account in the eyes of our juvenile materialists, but the indispensable stock in trade of your hero of romance. Who will dare to say that acting is not an art, when it contains so much of which the professors of it are ignorant? As for the new versions of the old play furnished by Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Victor Mapes, they do not demand minute discussion. Mr. Du Maurier, wiser perhaps in his generation, has kept closer to the tried original and preserved all the best of the old lines; Mr. Mapes has cut out some puerilities, added some new dialogue, and slightly modified the personal relations of the hero and Maritana. His first act is an improvement, but as to the rest there is room for difference of opinion.

Such glowing accounts had been received from London of the quality and general attractiveness of Captain Marshall's new play, "The Second in Command," that there was more than usual interest in its first production at the Empire Theatre. In quality it was somewhat of a disappointment, being put together in a crude and awkward fashion, contrasting poorly with the workmanship of "A Royal Family" and "Brother Officers." It is probably an early work that has been retouched. About its success, however, there was never any doubt. The story which it tells is glaringly improbable in some places and rather disconcerting in others, but it is constantly interesting, thoroughly sympathetic, contains definite if not altogether original characterization, and a number of exceedingly effective situations. A synopsis of the plot would occupy too much space and would probably be superfluous. The hero of it, Major Bingham, a gallant, amiable, slow-witted, and desperately unlucky officer, is a delightfully natural creation, realized by Mr. John Drew with a broader humor, a more subtle skill, and a more distinct individuality than he has displayed for some time. The actor is particularly successful in suggesting



Photo

MR. HACKETT AS "DON CAESAR"

Marceau

Cæsar towards the end of the play, in the scenes with the King and Maritana, of which both actors were dimly conscious, but neither of them knew how to make the points with the thrilling pictorial effect created by Fechter, and much lesser performers, in bygone



the solid virtues of the character, the modesty, the fidelity, and the generosity underlying the superficial simplicity and dulness. The lighter side of it, of course, he sketches with admirable neatness and dexterity—as in the delightful proposal episode in the first act—but he does much worthier and more difficult work in the scene of the broken engagement, with its effect of heartbreak under external gayety, and in the moment of pathetic collapse when he hears that the regiment is to go to the front without him. He exhibits great tact, too, in the trying situation where, yielding for once to temptation, he makes a last desperate effort to win the heroine for himself by lying to his successful rival. This is a disagreeable and unnecessary incident, and inconsistent to boot. The only excuse for it is that it leads to an effective explanation later on. Curiously enough, the character of the heroine also is exposed to dangerous misconstruction, through the failure of the author to clear her skirts satisfactorily of the suspicion of having sold herself for cash, but in this case the effect is due to simple maladroitness. It increases greatly the difficulty of the character, which is represented with singular charm, refinement, and naturalness by Miss Ida Conquest. Another excellent performance is the Colonel of Mr. Guy Standing. The entire representation, indeed, is worthy of a very attractive play.

The success of "Richard Lovelace," the new play which Lawrence Irving has written for E. H. Sothorn, depends upon the third and final act, which is as moving a bit of poetic stage romance as has been seen for a long time. Shattered in mind and body, the luckless poet is living on the memories of the past, in the attic in which he last parted from his lost love, and in which no article has since been disturbed. He is ignorant of the treachery which has robbed him of wife and friend, and almost of life, and only asks to be allowed to die among the objects hallowed by the sweet presence conjured up by his imagination. When

his Lucy reappears, he thinks, at first, that she is a vision. When he discovers her reality, all sorrows are forgotten in his ecstasy of happiness. It is



Photo

MR. FAVERSHAM AS "DON CÆSAR"

Byron

really a beautiful scene. Then comes the bitter explanation of his own and his Lucy's betrayal, of her marriage and motherhood; and here again Mr. Irving exhibits a vigorous and ingenious dramatic imagination. The climax, where

the husband stands crushed and humiliated before the wife whom he has wronged and the man whom he has cheated, is exceedingly strong, and, on the first night, stirred a cold audience to enthusiasm and saved the play. After this admirable effect the later incidents of the duel and of Lovelace's death and almost incredible self-abnegation, create, it must be admitted, an impression of anticlimax, but, nevertheless, the act, as a whole, is a fine, strong, imaginative composition, which justifies high expectations of Mr. Irving's future work. The first and second acts are far less satisfactory, being clumsy in construction and greatly deficient in interest and in action. Moreover, they are burdened heavily with trivial dialogue. They must be revised if the play is to live. Mr. Sothern, who seems gradually to be acquiring a romantic style, made a personal hit as Lovelace, especially in the closing scenes, in which he acted with delicacy, sentiment, ardor, grace, and, in the end, with passion and dignity. His performance was a good one. Miss Loftus was a charming Lucy Sacheverell, but was much too vociferous in the emotional scenes.

The personal and artistic success which Miss Bertha Galland achieved in Mr. Lancaster's version of "The Forest Lovers," is a sufficient justification

of her elevation to the rank of stars. Iseult, in the theatre, is reduced, necessarily, to the level of the ordinary heroine of romantic melodrama, and the part, a mere outline sketch, provides few chances of great or subtle acting. But Miss Galland imparts to it distinction, individuality, and great personal charm. She is particularly happy in suggesting the virginal purity and innocence of the girl and the development in her of an absorbing love free from all taint of grossness. To all the ordinary situations of melodrama she was fully equal,—displaying plentiful control over passion and pathos,—but a much higher order of ability was indicated in her dignified, eloquent, and agitated rebuke of the adored knight who humiliated her by his drunken solicitations. This, perhaps, was her best accomplishment, but her whole impersonation was infinitely attractive. She was ably supported by Mr. Harry B. Stanford, who displayed a marked capacity for romantic acting; Miss Rhoda Cameron, who was exceedingly good as Maulfry, and others. The play itself, although a very faint reflection of the book, is a fair representation of its class, with an abundance of varied and startling incident, and is admirably put upon the stage. It dragged a little, occasionally, on the first night, but that defect, probably, has been remedied.



## "The Tauchnitz Edition"

By TIGHE HOPKINS

[Illustrated from photographs taken specially for the author.]

A LITERARY wanderer, listening to praises of Europe, slid in the comment: "But you must not leave out Tauchnitz. Would the Continent be quite what it is without the 'Tauchnitz Edition'?" To the English or

the proof; but in Leipzig (where he gets no help at all from the author) he is never, never caught napping. There comes an ill moment when, facing homewards, the traveller must relinquish his Tauchnitz—or resolve to



BARON TAUCHNITZ, SENIOR

American tourist, or to any English-reading tourist, it certainly would not. Your six-shilling novel, volume of travels, or essays, costs you just two francs; and you have it for this outlay in the neatest form imaginable, and printed in a type which, for elegance and clarity, is not surpassed by the very best presses of England or America. It is, moreover, albeit "made in Germany," a marvel of correctness. I have generally found the printer's reader to be a person rather more 'cute than the author in the matter of plaguesy little slips and errors in

elude, if possible, the inquisition of H. M. Customs. For when the confines of Europe are passed, Tauchnitz ceases to be lawful reading and becomes a smuggled article. You have paid, to be sure, for your volume or volumes; but the publisher, while taking your money, has duly warned you, in print on the outer cover, that the work should not be introduced "into England or into any British Colony."

There are, I fancy, those who salve their consciences by affecting to believe that because the Tauchnitz Edition is not allowed in England, it is itself in

some way illegitimate—a work by which the author has profited nothing. The exact opposite is the truth. The Tauchnitz "Collection of British Authors" is published with copyright (for Continental circulation), and no work is included in it without the sanction of the author or his representative. As the late Mr. James Payn wrote: "The popularity of a writer in his own coun-

established by law as any other, but there was no such thing as international copyright when the first Baron began his undertaking. Nothing need have prevented him from doing business wholesale on the safe lines of piracy.

Allow me to remark,—he said in his original prospectus,—that I, as well as any other publisher



RESIDENCE OF BARON TAUCHNITZ, SENIOR, AT KLEINZSCHOCHER

try of course insures his appearance in the Tauchnitz Edition, but in not a few cases Leipzig has recognized his merits even before London, and this recognition stamps him with the hall-mark of success." To be included in Tauchnitz is to rise a step in one's profession—and to put money in one's pocket.

Agreement with the author was the corner-stone of the first Baron Tauchnitz's enterprise,—and this in a day when no English and no American writer had any copyright in Europe. The Tauchnitz editions are now as fully

in Germany, have at present the right to embark in such undertakings without any permission from the authors; and that my propositions arise solely from a wish thereby to take the first step towards a literary relationship between England and Germany, and towards an extension of the rights of copyright, and to publish my editions in accordance with those rights.

Every book was paid for, and it is pleasant enough to think that the Baron's honest policy was a help to the success of one of the most remarkable literary enterprises of his century. The

same policy is a sufficient explanation of the peculiarly cordial relations which have obtained from the first between the authors who have contributed to, and the publishers who have produced, the Tauchnitz Editions.

Christian Bernhard, Baron von Tauchnitz, was born on August 25, 1816, and died August 11, 1895. His father was a Saxon landed gentleman,

attached. In 1860 he was created Freiherr (Baron) for his services in the promotion and spread of literature; in 1872 he became H. B. M. Consul-General for Saxony and the Thuringian States; and in 1877 a life-member of the Saxon Upper Chamber. He had as landed property the estates of Kleinzschocher, near Leipzig, and Trattlau and Reutnitz in the Saxon Oberlausitz.



PRIVATE ROOM OF BARON TAUCHNITZ, JUNIOR

and on the mother's side also he was descended from the landowners of Saxony. His uncle, Karl Tauchnitz (1761-1836), a well-known and learned publisher of Greek and Latin classics and editions of the Bible, was the first to introduce stereotyping into Germany. The father of Bernhard Tauchnitz dying while the lad was quite a lad, his uncle had no small part in shaping his early career.

The young man was but twenty-one when, in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, February 1, 1837, he founded the present publishing firm, with printing and stereotyping offices

It was in the latter place, his favorite residence, that he died.

Christian Carl Bernhard, second Baron von Tauchnitz, eldest son of Bernhard, and now sole head of the firm, was born May 29, 1841. He passed through the Fürstenschule St. Afra in Meissen, studied law at the Universities of Berlin, Zürich, and Leipzig, and was a Doctor of Jurisprudence, and had passed the State examination, at the age of twenty-one. He made a tour of Europe, stayed some time in England, and learned to speak and write our language with scarcely a flaw. In 1866 he entered



into partnership with his father in the publishing firm of "Bernhard Tauchnitz," and on the death of the first Baron in 1895 was left sole head of the house. He holds the entailed estate of Trattlau, and is proprietor of the ancient estate of Maxen, near Dresden, where the sculptor Thorwaldsen once lived, and where General Finck and his army were captured during the Seven

published by special agreement with the Author or his representative; the only exception to this rule being the few volumes containing old classical writings — *domaine publique* works, which, when included in the Tauchnitz series, were no longer copyright in any country, and for which, therefore, no agreement was either necessary or possible. In 1841 no treaties existed



ENTAILED ESTATE OF TRATTLAU

Years' War. At the death of the first Baron, the estate of Kleinzschocher, now an integral part of the town of Leipzig, became family property.

The principal undertaking of the house of Bernhard Tauchnitz is undoubtedly the Collection of British and American Authors, known throughout Europe as the "Tauchnitz Edition." I have glanced already at the question of copyright, but as it is one of peculiar interest, and one upon which there are many false ideas, a further brief reference to it will not be out of place. Every work, then, in the Tauchnitz Edition, from first to last, has been

between Great Britain or the United States of America and Continental countries for the protection of the rights of authors, and all that Bernhard Tauchnitz could claim for the earliest works in his series was that they represented the only *Authorized Edition* for the Continent. He had no protection himself, and could of course offer none to the authors whom he paid. A few years later, various Continental States formed copyright treaties with Great Britain: Prussia and Saxony in 1846, France in 1852, and successively nearly all European States. The rights of authors were now guaranteed in these

countries, and the graceful little Tauchnitz Edition became, instead of an Authorized Edition, a *Copyright Edition* protected by law. Finally, the Berne Convention of 1886 conferred copyright upon authors in its fullest form over the greater part of the civilized world. Works by American authors, published by the house of Tauchnitz were, by the agreements with their

own language. Its object was, and is, the excellent one of promoting the distribution of English literature on the Continent and elsewhere, without detriment to existing rights, and of providing for the English and American author a new source of income. The stereotype plates of the Tauchnitz editions alone amount to over ten thousand, carefully preserved in im-



THE NEW BUILDING, REAR VIEW

writers, the only authorized editions for the Continent till 1891, when, by the Copyright Treaty with the United States of America, they too became Continental Copyright Editions. At present, all works in the Tauchnitz Edition—both British and American, issued since 1891—are not only Authorized Editions, but Copyright Editions, fully protected by law in all cases in which the copyright has not expired by lapse of time.

In its conception, the enterprise of Bernhard Tauchnitz was unique. It was the only authorized collection of the literature of a foreign country published outside that country and in its

mense storerooms built for the purpose.

The two authors who had first secured the Baron's eye were Lord Lytton and Dickens, with the novels "Pelham" and "Pickwick," which appeared in 1841. Twenty-two years later, in 1863, was published the five hundredth volume of the series, a work specially written for the occasion, under the title "Five Centuries of the English Language and Literature." An edition of the New Testament, exhibiting the various differences in the original Alexandrine, Sinaitic, and Vatican manuscripts, formed the one thousandth volume. Dedicated by the Baron "To my English and American

Authors, as a Token of Esteem for the Living, and a Tribute of Remembrance to the Dead," and appearing in 1869, it caused no small stir in this country. The two thousandth volume, "Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria," by Henry Morley, with facsimiles of the signatures of all the authors who had appeared in the Tauchnitz series, was issued in 1881,

the popular fiction of the day; that—pent in his hotel by weather or by sickness in Paris, Rome, Vienna, Madrid, Palermo, or Amsterdam—he can send to the nearest bookseller's with a moderate certainty of getting for one-and-eightpence the book, of whatever kind, that he had forgotten to slip into his bag on starting from home. Is it a volume of Shakespeare? It is no



COURTYARD OF THE OLD CASTLE OF MAXEN

and might well be regarded as a history of the enterprise itself up to that date. Since then, some seventy or eighty volumes have been added each year to the collection, which now comprises over 3500 volumes by 372 British and 45 American authors. Leaving the classics on one side, Baron Tauchnitz's British and American host represent the literary output of the Victorian era, the period which coincides with the history of the enterprise. In the whole rich catalogue scarcely a name is missing.

The pilgrim abroad has long since discovered that Baron Tauchnitz can supply him with very much more than

more than the asking for it. Is it Milton? It is here. Is it Sterne? Here are "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey." Is it something of Stevenson, or of Meredith, or of Tennyson, or of Browning? "Ask, and it shall be given you."

But there is still a notion that the Tauchnitz is merely an English library. It is that and much else. German and French works fill a large space; the Greek and Latin classics a scarcely smaller one; patristic literature, not over-profitable to the publisher, has been steadily produced under the auspices of the best modern scholarship; and the Tauchnitz edition of the Bible

in the original text, associated with the names of Theile, Baer, Delitzsch, Tischendorf, and Gebhardt, together with the "Bibliotheca Patrum," are instances of undertakings in which the publisher appears rather as the disinterested patron of scholarship than as the literary broker who trusts his money only upon goods that may be expected to pay for themselves within the year. Scientific works, books on jurisprudence and theology, and a collection of dictionaries covering most of the world's written languages crowd a catalogue that is almost an epitome of letters.

The authors who were favored with copies of the original prospectus of Bernhard Tauchnitz must have read that document with a dash of surprise. They may even have regarded it suspiciously as a jest evolved by Leipzig at their expense. What! No copyright, and here's a foreign publisher who says he wants to pay us? Never! Anyhow, let's look out Leipzig on the map: perhaps there's no such place. And when the first cheque came—on the large, fine, German paper—what a flourishing of it among incredulous friends! Do you think it's genuine? Have you tried to cash it? There may have been authors with money at the bank who framed the Baron's first cheque and preserved it as a curio. It is likely, however, that most of them were in a hurry to ascertain whether it was worth the paper it was written on. The whole matter was really so very extraordinary. If credible, it was manna from the skies. But the cheques, quite genuine, continued to flow from those generous coffers; and presently not a few authors became aware that there had been created for them, not only a new public, but a new source of revenue. They were being read abroad in their own tongue—and the same was money to them. And this, in brief, is the story of the particular kindness which has marked from the beginning the relations of the house of Tauchnitz with the whole cohort of its authors. Some of these authors shall speak at once for themselves. During the sixty years of the

Tauchnitz editions (the firm itself is four years older), the publisher—under which term I include both the first and the second Baron—has gradually become the possessor of a collection of autograph letters which could scarcely be matched in Europe, and which, in fact, constitutes the intimate and real archives of the house,—the *Lares* Tauchnitz. Any firm of publishers in existence for over half a century could show a letter-book, interesting, more or less, to writers and amateurs, of the foibles of writers; but Baron Tauchnitz has had the advantage of gathering under one roof in Leipzig authors who have spread themselves over the whole field of publishing, both in Great Britain and America. Most of them have confided in him, and certain of these confidences may be disclosed without indiscretion at this day.

As far back as 1844 the first Baron was publishing for Harrison Ainsworth, who writes:

I consider your offer of — very liberal; and, in accepting it, I beg to tender you my best thanks, not so much for the amount, as for the praiseworthy spirit by which you are actuated. I subscribe with pleasure to your conditions.

Ten years later, we find him making a present to the Baron of the foreign copyright of "The Flitch of Bacon," stipulating only "that you print the dedication: as I wish my countrymen in Germany and France to know how highly I estimate you." The dedication was to Baron Tauchnitz and his wife.

In dedicating my little tale to you and Madam Tauchnitz, I selected for that dedication the happiest couple I knew. They happened at the same time to be among my best friends. . . . It may amuse you to learn that my tale has been the means of reviving the old obsolete custom of Dunmow. I have promised to give a *Flitch of Bacon* to any couple who can make out this claim to it, next June, and if you and Madame Tauchnitz should, by accident, be in England at the time, I shall present it to you. . . . I passed a day with Mr. Dickens at Boulogne on my way here, and we spoke much of you and your great kindness.

Later, in 1872, we have Wilkie Collins

dedicating to the Baron his novel, "Miss or Mrs.?"—"In cordial remembrance of my relations with him as publisher and friend." At this time Baron Tauchnitz had been publishing for Wilkie Collins nearly sixteen years. His last letter is written at the close of 1888.

Here I am again! This time I report the arrival of my dearly-loved Tauchnitz edition of "The Legacy of Cain" on Thursday last. Let me beg you to accept my best thanks for this welcome gift and for the friendly kindness which has helped the latest of my literary offspring to reach its anxious parent.

I believe "The Lamplighter" of Miss Cummins continues to fascinate young readers—and certainly no one can be sorry for that. The author, learning in 1854 that she is to be included in the Tauchnitz edition, feels herself "much flattered by the admission to a place in your list of British Authors," and would express also "a most grateful sense of the liberality which you propose to exercise in my behalf, a liberality to which I am well aware I have no claim but through your generosity." Ten years afterwards: "It is one of the pleasures attendant on the publication of my works that they successively bring me into correspondence with one to whom I am indebted for such uniform courtesy."

Another American lady who delighted a generation of the young was Miss Louisa M. Alcott. Her "Little Women" made its appearance in the straw-colored Tauchnitz in 1876. In 1878 she writes:

"Little Men," a continuation of "Little Women," would go well, I think, as the young people seem never to be tired of the March family. The cheap and stolen editions annoy me much, but I am powerless to prevent them, so must submit; and it is peculiarly agreeable to me, as to other authors, doubtless, when treated with the justice and consideration you show us.

Has the amiable Lady Blessington admirers in the first year of the new century? In the forties of the last century she was both read and talked of,

and was not above pressing her merits. Writing from Gore House in 1844, she says:

I hope you will not think me unreasonable in expecting the same remuneration for my works that my friend Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is to receive. . . . His translation of your great poet Schiller is greatly admired here, and the memoir is considered admirable. It will give me great pleasure to see you in England this summer, when I hope to enjoy more of your society. "Strathern" will be the same length as "Meredith."

In the same year Lytton himself is anxious to hear from the Baron "how the translation of Schiller is received in Germany; and I shall be peculiarly obliged if you will send me . . . any reviews by journals of authority upon it. . . . It is as yet very successful in England."

Early in 1848 he is at work upon "Harold."

I expect shortly to publish an historical romance in three volumes upon a subject that I trust will be of very general interest. I suppose I am to take it for granted that you would like to have it on the same terms as the last, "Lucretia," and will on hearing from you to that effect send the proofs as before. . . . You say that the sum you offer to me is the same that Dickens has accepted. . . . I cannot conclude without thanking you for all the kindness and attention which made my visit to Leipzig so pleasant and instructive.

From Brighton, in December of the same year:

The "New Timon" has had (though hitherto anonymous) an immense sale in this country, larger than any poem since Byron; and "King Arthur" (which all who have seen it consider my best and most durable work whether in prose or verse). . . . I am especially anxious to get these poems reviewed by the German Press.

The author of "John Halifax,"—the Miss Muloch who became Mrs. Craik,—whose contributions to the series comprise over forty volumes, confides in the Baron in June, 1860, that she is trying to learn German, "hoping some time to visit this warm-hearted country of yours, from which, in all directions, I get so many kind letters; but I find



that at thirty-four one does not learn so easily as one did at fourteen." Mrs. Craik's German was a protracted course, for in February, 1880, she observes: "I am actually getting to understand a little German, and some bright day another year, I hope, if I live, to pay that long-looked-for visit to Leipzig." In common with many another of the Baron's correspondents, Mrs. Craik says, "I like no edition of my books so well as yours."

Carlyle is no longer splenetic when he writes to Leipzig. "You have always been extremely polite," he says (from Chelsea, in 1865), "about Presentation Copies of that book on King Friedrich which you are now printing the conclusion of"—apparently a hint for more. Later in the same year: "I am not willing to trespass farther on such munificence of procedure in this matter . . . your reprint, which indeed is very perfect and far handier to read, is greatly in demand here, and friends accept it from me as a distinguished gift *not obtainable otherwise*." He is gracious to the last. "No transaction could be handsomer on your part," he writes from Cheyne Row in 1869, "and you may believe me, I am very sensible of it. . . . The money account concerns me; please attend to that as already said."

Let us pass to Dickens, from whom, between the years 1843 and 1870, Baron Tauchnitz had many pleasant letters. There is a proposal concerning "Dombey and Son," in 1846, and Dickens replies from Lausanne:

I am quite at a loss how to answer your question, as I really do not know what it would be fair and reasonable to require from you. But I have every reason to rely upon your honourable intentions [nine of Dickens's books had already been published in the Tauchnitz] and if you will do me the favour to state your own proposal, I have little doubt that I shall be willing to assent to it.

From a letter bearing date January, 1853, it would seem that Dickens's son was at school in Leipzig, and that the ever-obliging Baron was taking a friendly interest in him.

While he [Charles] is well looked after [as all boys require to be] I wish him to be not too ob-

viously restrained, and to have the advantages of cheerful and good society. I want him to have an interest in, and to acquire a knowledge of the life around him, and to be treated like a gentleman, *though pampered in nothing*. By punctuality in all things, great or small, I set great store.

In 1856, Dickens is in Paris, but cannot get forward to Leipzig. "Leipzig is at present among my castles in the air, *mes châteaux en Espagne*; but perhaps Germany and I may make a personal acquaintance yet. . . . I shall not, at any time, publish a new story without previous communication with you." Concerning one of his last books, he writes from Gad's Hill Place at the close of 1860:

I cannot consent to name the sum you shall pay for "Great Expectations." I have too great a regard for you, and too high a sense of your honourable dealing, to wish to depart from the custom we have always observed. Whatever price you put upon it will satisfy me. You have always proposed the terms yourself on former occasions, and I entreat you to do so now.

In the year following, Dickens writes that the book has been "a very great success indeed" in England, and hopes "it will prove to answer your purpose also." He signs his name to Baron Tauchnitz for the last time in a letter dated March 24, 1870. It is written from the office of *All the Year Round*, and has reference to "Edwin Drood."

The terms you kindly propose are quite satisfactory, and I accept them with pleasure. . . . You shall receive the first No. as soon after this as possible, and the succeeding Nos. regularly. Believe me always faithfully your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

The Baron's "*Correspondenz mit Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield*" (1844-1881), contains some extremely typical letters from the statesman-novelist whom Queen Victoria found "so amusing." He is here, of course, merely the gentleman of fiction.

It is with extreme satisfaction—[he writes, London, July 13th, 1844]—that I have assented to your wish to prepare an edition of "Coningsby" for Continental circulation, and especially for the German public. The sympathy of a great nation is

the most precious reward of authors, and an appreciation that is offered us by a foreign people has something of the character and value which we attribute to the fiat of posterity.

The phrase is not original, but it is a neat example of Lord Beaconsfield's skill in adapting the phrases of other people. It traces to Benjamin Franklin, who had written it just ninety-nine years earlier. In the winter of 1845, Beaconsfield addresses himself to Leipzig from an hotel in Paris:

Mr. Colburn will publish in a few days "Con-  
tarini Fleming." . . . This work was published  
anonymously twelve years ago; has been long out  
of print, and has been for these last two years in  
great demand. It is a work highly adapted to the  
Germans, . . . it is adorned by a *portrait of the  
author*, from the same picture as the large engrav-  
ing which I sent you in the spring.

Amid the stress of politics, he keeps a steady eye upon Leipzig.

I have been much on the Continent during the last year (Grosvenor Gate, April 3rd, 1857), and have found great and frequent complaints of the omission of many of my works in the reprints which you have published of those productions. I have often intended to write to you on the subject, but the great pressure of affairs has always prevented me. . . . Probably the fault is mine, as I ought, perhaps, to have furnished you, as heretofore, with corrected copies, but the Revolution of 1848 seemed to terminate these literary speculations, and since then I have always been too busy. The works omitted [he refers to "Venetia" "Vivian Grey," and "Henrietta Temple"] are some of those most eagerly sought at home.

In the summer of 1870 he acknowledges a cheque from Leipzig for "Lothair." "I accept your liberal enclosure in the spirit in which it is offered—'kindly,' for it comes from a gentleman whose prosperity always pleases me, and whom I respect and regard." The autumn of 1870 brings a proposal concerning some "Life" of him. Beaconsfield's reply, from Hughtenden Manor, is:

What are called "lives" of me abound. They are, generally, infamous libels, which I have, invariably, treated with utter indifference. Sometimes I ask myself, What will Grub Street do after my departure?—who will there be to abuse and to

caricature? . . . I hope you are well. I am very busy, and rarely write letters, but I would not use the hand of another to an old friend.

The Gladstone correspondence is less extensive. I find only two small notes from Hawarden, both penned in the seventies. "I hope the sale of the former volume has been satisfactory: all must wish well to your important enterprise." The other runs: "I am much gratified by your letter, and by the opinion implied in it, and coming from you with such high authority, that my three collected tracts are likely, in a popular form and in the original tongue, to command some sale in the Continental market." The tracts referred to were "The Vatican Decrees," "Vaticanism," and "Speeches of the Pope," published in the Tauchnitz edition in 1875.

Between the years 1849 and 1859 the Baron received many interesting letters and notes from Macaulay. All his dealings with Leipzig have been, he says, of the most satisfactory kind, and he declines to make any contract with any other German publisher. Early in 1852, the first Tauchnitz edition of the Essays is sold out. Macaulay is at work upon "William III.," but quite unable to tell the Baron when it will be finished: "The road seems to lengthen before me as I proceed." In the summer of 1854 he is still toiling at the History. "I have had every reason to be satisfied, and shall be very willing to treat with you for the next two volumes of my History. As far as I can judge, I shall publish before next Easter. There will never be any misunderstanding between you and me." Two years later he is writing very cheerfully from Holly Lodge.

I have just received your letter of the 15th, with the inclosures. I am perfectly satisfied with the account, and with the result of our venture. My success here has been very great, I might almost say unprecedented. I have already received twenty thousand pounds from Messrs. Longmans. I am ashamed to think how many better writers have toiled all their lives without making a fifth part of that sum.

In 1858 there seems to have been a proposal from Leipzig that Macaulay

should undertake a survey of English literature in the nineteenth century. He replies:

If I am to bring out any more volumes of my History, I must devote my whole time to that work, and not suffer myself to be seduced from it by any temptation. A complete and highly finished account of the English literature of the nineteenth century would occupy me many months. A hasty sketch would do me no honour. I should not choose to take on myself the business of estimating the merits of my contemporaries. It would be quite impossible for me to speak the truth without inflicting pain and making enemies.

Letters from George Henry Lewes, concerning his own and George Eliot's affairs, range over a period of thirty years.

As to remuneration [he says in his first, 1847] from your having transmitted an honorarium at the time when no law of copyright rendered such an action imperative, I have conceived such an idea of your liberality and probity as to leave it to you to send me whatever sum you consider the success of the work may justify.

George Eliot was equally contented. "Mrs. Lewes begs me to express her thanks for your kindness. The mode of publication of her next book is undecided at present; but it will give her great pleasure to continue with you relations so pleasantly commenced." From half a dozen letters of John Forster I select one dated January 26, 1873:

The death of my old and dear friend Lord Lytton has been a terrible blow to me—and must excuse my delay in replying to your last letter. . . . The volumes [his "Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith"] when complete will be very handsome and legible—and for pleasantness and handiness of shape much to be preferred to the original. They suggest to me a sort of wish that they might be accompanied, with some accession of interest to them for German readers, by what I could never print in connection with them here in England: a facsimile of the letter addressed to me by Dickens on the first publication of the book in 1848. It is a long letter—filling two sheets (eight pages) of note-paper of the exact size of that on which I am now writing; and much too full of praise of the book to permit me ever to mention its publication here. But a foreign country (as Lord Bacon said) is as another age—and there would at least be less impropriety

in permitting it to appear with your German Edition.

Needless to say, the Tauchnitz edition contains the letter.

There are brief letters from Nathaniel Hawthorne and Washington Irving, and about a dozen from Longfellow.

I hope [says Longfellow in 1864] that the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" may be as successful in Germany as you anticipate, and I am sure that in your "Collection" it appears under most favourable auspices. You will, I think, be glad to know that the "Wayside Inn" has had a great sale in this country, the first edition of fifteen thousand copies having been exhausted, and a second of five thousand published. I tell you this to encourage you. With many thanks for your letter and handsome remittance for copyright.

Mrs. Gaskell, writing in 1860, conveys the information that she has "a little daughter of eighteen years of age who is so very German, that she declares she was born in England by *mistake*." Arthur Helps is "delighted with your edition of 'Friends in Council.'" Julia Kavanagh, dating from Paris, does not know "what one could do without your collection abroad." Kingsley, in 1855, is "just bringing out a new novel, 'Westward Ho!' a story of Queen Elizabeth's times, bringing in all the remarkable characters of the day, and should be glad to know if you would like," etc. Lord Stanhope's family "are so much pleased with the Leipzig edition that I think I will venture to ask you for some copies more." Captain Marryat is "quite satisfied with your offer of—for the last work, and I have every wish that the existing relations between us should continue."

There are a dozen lively letters from Lever, covering a period of twenty-seven years.

I am aware [says he in 1847] that the fact cannot in any way affect *your* views in the matter, but it is as well I should mention—what after all is the only test of an author's actual repute and standing in his own country, viz., the money value of his writing—and for this same story ["The Knight of Gwynne"] I receive a sum little short of £3,000. I then may safely leave to your consideration the scale on which it should be estimated by you.

Sufficiently adroit on the part of the merry Irishman. What was Lever like? He at least assures us that he did not squint.

You ask about the portrait annexed to "Jack Hinton." It is not—at least so say my friends—a resemblance; and I can myself assure you—that I do not squint, which *it* does most abominably. I must confess I have no longings on this subject, and believe that my trash will read just as well without the assistance of "my countenance."

His last letter is from Trieste, in April, 1874, concerning the Tauchnitz "Kilgobbin." "I am charmed to see myself in my new costume, and am once more reminded that to yourself is all the honor of that discovery by which a novel has been made easy for the wrist and pleasant for the eye."

Towards the same period, the early 'seventies, Anthony Trollope, on a visit to America, is concerned to find that the New York papers have invented a lawsuit of Trollope *v.* Tauchnitz. New York should have known by this time the principles upon which the house of Tauchnitz was in the habit of conducting its affairs. Perhaps Trollope had refused to be "interviewed," and this seemed a fair way of making "copy" out of him.

On arriving here (New York) yesterday [he writes] I found by the ——— that I had *compromised my long lawsuit with you* by accepting from you an enormous sum of money which made my mouth water. Of course I have written to the paper to say that I have never had a lawsuit or any difference whatsoever with you. It is odd that they should now for a second time pick me out as the object of your litigation, or you of mine—as I never had any contention with any publisher, though, either on my own account or that of others, I have perhaps had more dealings with publishers than any man living. . . . I am so fond of your series that I regret to have a work of mine omitted from it.

Just how many letters Thackeray wrote to Baron Tauchnitz, I cannot say, but I have seven or eight before me. Dating from Young Street, Kensington Square, in August, 1849, he says:

I have just been arranging with my publishers

here that the novel of "Pendennis" should be continued to twenty-four numbers in place of twenty; it will appear in two volumes in this country. I do not of course make any alteration in the conditions which we have arranged between us, in consequence of my alterations of plan: but I thought it would be right to make the change known to you so that you may accommodate the Leipzig edition to the proposed arrangement.

He has settled in Onslow Square when he writes again, in May, 1856:

Your letter of the 26th March has only just found me on my return from America, where I made a prosperous voyage, though I have not quite reached the sum of 500,000 Dollars, which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* states to be the present amount of my savings. Don't be afraid of your English—a letter containing £—— is always in a pretty style. You are welcome to the "Miscellanies" for that sum; in the forthcoming volumes is a novel about "Frederic the Great." I don't think I ever sent you the sealed paper investing you with the right over the "New-comers": I fear I have lost it; but you need not fear that I shall shrink from my bargain. Will you come to London this year? Give me notice and believe me very faithfully yours. . . .

In the autumn of this year, Thackeray is found pressing upon Baron Tauchnitz the claims of Charles Reade. "Mr. Reade, the author of 'Christie Johnstone,' and other most popular stories, has just brought out a novel. His works ought not to be out of the Tauchnitz collection."

Whether Reade was aware of Thackeray's kindness one cannot say. He was more than equal to asserting his own merits, and his letters to Leipzig are, on the whole, the most curious of the batch. The robust, aggressive vanity that was quite natural to him overflows in them. He always asserted that he had no superior in his day save Dickens—and he would sometimes forget Dickens when he blew his trumpet *au grand sérieux*. He blew a fine blast into the private ear of the Baron. For a taste (this is from Paris, in 1856):

"Christie Johnstone" and "Peg Woffington" belong to that small class of one-volume stories of which England produces not more than six in a century. In the compass of one volume they contain as many characters and ideas as the good three-volume novels; and their fate is as distinct from



that of the mere novel as is their reputation in England and America.

Leipzig, of course, was stormed, and Mr. Reade continues:

Let me be paid *according to my sale*. For instance, if you sell fewer copies of me than of Mr. Thackeray, pay me less; if you sell more pay me more . . . we shall be sure to understand one another. . . . I could give you a hundred reasons for this, but it is not necessary because I am sure a gentleman of your delicacy will at once recognise my right, and sympathise with an Artist's anxiety to make no false step in a matter so important to his reputation.

That Charles Reade *was* an Artist, even with a capital A, is not to be denied; but a little less lung power in proclaiming that fact would have become him as well. However, he has not done.

Surely the Tauchnitz Collection is not complete without my works. It is a noble collection: it contains many authors who are superior to me in merit and reputation, but it also contains the *entire works* of many writers who do not come up to my knee.

Let us turn to another Artist (a capital here, by all means) who, if fully conscious of his powers, was less prone to rehearse them from the housetop. "With respect to my new volume," writes Lord Tennyson in 1864, "Messrs. Williams and Norgate write to me asking what sum I require for granting you permission to print in Germany. I think I had better leave this matter altogether in your hands."

Equally modest is Robert Browning. "With respect to your proposal to include my works in your Continental edition, I have only to say that I shall greatly value such an extension of whatever influence they may possess—and that I shall accept whatever terms

you may think fit to offer." Twelve years afterwards, in 1883, he writes in a similar vein: "In any case you may print as much—or as little—of my poems as will answer your purpose—though I am naturally desirous to appear as advantageously as possible before a German public, should such an honour be accorded me."

A few lines from Du Maurier, under the recent date of 1895, bring a memory of "Trilby." "I am much obliged to you for your kind letter, and for your generous offer, which I am glad to accept. I am delighted that 'Trilby' should have proved so successful in your edition." The success of the book in the Tauchnitz form was, indeed, extraordinary, and the Baron, in accordance with the custom of the house, had made the author an offer of additional payment.

A letter of most characteristic cordiality from James Payn touches upon the only topic of its kind to be met with in all the correspondence. It is dated 1883:

I will look at the ———, which, as a rule, I do not see. If anyone should attack you again in it, I will give him "a bit of my mind," and inform that periodical what are the opinions upon the subject of yours most faithfully and obliged. . . . I have never heard any English author speak anything but good of you, and with good cause.

One graceful line from the master of his day, and it will be time to close. Robert Louis Stevenson writes from Puy de Dôme, June, 1884: "I am pleased indeed to appear in your splendid collection, and thus to rise a grade in the hierarchy of my art."

No names have been used here but those of the dead. It is a notable harvest; but new names arise, and Leipzig thrives on.





## Art for Life's Sake

By MARGARET COOPER McGIFFERT

AS people with limited material resources are apt to do, I have been studying economics, hoping to discover the cause of that financial depression which leads so inevitably to mental depression. In the course of my studies I found that money in itself has no value, but is simply a convenient medium for the exchange of commodities produced in various ways. In cases, therefore, where the exchange can be made directly money is unnecessary.

Now I am myself a producer and have had in my own experience instances of such a direct exchange. For a critical article contributed to *The Scalpel* I received six copies of that trenchant magazine. For a six-page poem in *The Quarterly Melpomene* I received four copies of the issue in which my poem appeared. For a humorous sketch in *The Jester* I received a year's subscription to that heart-rending periodical. How stupid I had been not to perceive that, in sending their literary products instead of the checks I longed for, the editors were but obeying an economic law, and that it is a poor law that cannot be extended to cover all cases. My mistake had been in not making a personal use of the principle.

This solution of my economic problems lifted a load that had been crushing me into the dust. I had been brought up in the belief that it is dishonest to get into debt, and that belief had been wrought into the very fibre of my being. Yet my assured income was scarcely more than would pay the rent of my hall bed-room—which was also parlor, library, dining-room, pantry, and kitchen. I had toiled faithfully day after day, and night after night had burned the midnight oil, till I found that the latter process was too expensive to be continued.

But all my efforts were in vain. Letters of encouragement, in general terms, reached me from editorial sanctums, but—there was always a "but." Their glittering generalities threw a

golden gleam over the future, but they themselves were not gold, or even negotiable paper. I could not accuse myself of failure to do my best, yet I felt unspeakably humiliated before my creditors. The dressmaker, whom I had expected to pay with the proceeds of my poem, had needles in her eyes when I inadvertently met her in the street. Ordinarily I timed my walks to avoid such a catastrophe, but on that occasion she had varied from schedule time. The butcher, whom I had expected to pay with the check received for my article on "Literary Degeneration," seemed to take a firmer grip on his chopping-knife when I passed his shop.

But when I found that money was only a convenient medium for the exchange of products, I could look my creditors in the face unblushingly, for was I not also a producer? The consciousness that the money to pay a bill is in one's pocket gives one as delightful a feeling of independence as the consciousness of having paid the bill. Rejoicing in my new sense of solvency I deliberately met the dressmaker in the full glare of noon and looked her in the eyes; I walked boldly into the butcher-shop, bought a chop for my dinner, and paid for it out of the balance left after my monthly payment of rent. I felt like a capitalist.

In the strength of that meat I sat down to write; for, let sentimentalists say what they will, a poorly nourished brain never does good work, and I was determined that this work should be good. It was not easy. My thoughts would not flow spontaneously. It was not art for art's sake that I was pursuing, but art for honesty's sake, and, in fact, art for life's sake; and such material considerations were not conducive to inspiration. I worked out plan after plan, and discarded each one as lifeless and mechanical. Finally, after three days of hard work and three nights of sleepless tossing, I produced the following:

## ODE TO MY DRESSMAKER

O sister toiler in the field of life,  
Toiling and stitching at your work all day,  
And sometimes stitching at your work all night;  
Looking and longing for the pay that comes  
Late, often,—sometimes never,—unto you,  
I stretch my hands in heart-felt sympathy.  
I, too, have toiled from early morn till eve,  
I, too, have toiled from eve till early morn,  
I, too, have waited, waited but in vain,  
For the reward that never reached my hand,  
Whose coming meant food, warmth, and self-respect.  
A burden, sister, on my mind has lain,  
Because, perforce, I added to your load,  
Because I took your time and paid you not.  
But now a light has struck across my gloom.  
You work in your way, and I work in mine;  
You work with needle, and I work with pen;  
You plan and cut and change, and so do I;  
Alike we leave our work with aching heads  
And nerves unstrung. Oh, let me offer you  
The sympathy that throbs within my heart!  
Oh, let us supplement each other's lack;  
Let us exchange our mutual services!  
Accept this product of my brain and pen,  
Which had been sooner sent if I had known  
That coin is but a medium of exchange,  
And that my product pays in full for yours.

I was not satisfied with this production, but I knew that for the present I could do no better; so I copied it neatly, and dropped it into the mailbox. I then began upon the payment of my next bill, and as I was now in a working mood, and as my ideas had begun to flow more freely, I soon completed an "Ode to My Butcher."  
The process was greatly facilitated by my use of the same metre, to which I had now become so accustomed that it was easier than plain prose. As my wares were for different markets the similarity of style would be no drawback.

Ho! fellow-workman, with thy trenchant blade,  
Cutting and cleaving at thy block all day;  
Having the art, by Plato highly prized,  
Of always "hitting just upon the joint,"  
Knowing to tell the evil from the good,  
Faring and pruning till the best is left,

Conserving the rich juices, whereby man  
Is nourished for his task of brain or brawn,—  
I, too, am wielder of a keen-edged blade,  
But oh, how clumsily I hack and hew!  
How seldom do I "hit upon the joint!"  
How often, striking blindly, fall my blows  
This side and that, and mangle where they strike!  
How often in my task of censorship  
I pare away the good and leave the bad!  
Oh, might I learn thy steadiness of eye,  
Thy certainty of aim, thy judgment just,  
Thou faultless critic! But a bungler, I,  
Yet one who offers unto thee her best,  
In recognition of thy workmanship.  
The products of thy mart have nourished me  
To do my work. I having not wherewith  
To pay in kind, do render in my kind  
My praise and thanks in verse melodious.

When I had finished the second poem I was too tired to work any more that day, so I decided to postpone till the next day the writing of the ode to my grocer.

The morning mail brought me two letters. The first one I opened ran as follows:

dear miss

I aint no hand for potry and I cant seem to get the sens of yours, but being you seem to feel kind tord me will you pleas pay the five dollers you owe me and oblig

miss maimie delaney

The other letter was worded thus:

Owed to Your Butcher.....\$4.00

Respected Miss

I ll be blamed if I know what you are driving at but it looks to me as if you was trying to palaver me out of paying Bill Rendered. If that is what you mean I must say I sold you Honest Meat that I paid for with Honest Money and must have the same in Return the Sooner the Better.

Your truly

Peter Loeffler

The question I am continually asking myself now is this: Are the economists wrong, or do my complications arise from the fact that my creditors have not studied economics?



## Mrs. Carlyle and her Housemaid

SOME few months ago there arrived one afternoon at Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, a bright, alert, middle-aged, and intelligent Scots-woman. She entered her name in the visitors' book as Mrs. Broadfoot of Thornhill, and went all over the house with keen interest and obvious familiarity, remarking the changes which had taken place in its arrangements, and recalling, as she passed from room to room, the old positions of the furniture and belongings.

Before she left, the mystery of this pleasant familiarity was solved. In a chat with the custodian she informed her that she had been Mrs. Carlyle's housemaid here from July, 1865, till the latter's death in April, 1866, and had remained in Mr. Carlyle's service till her marriage, four or five months later. Of course, she had many interesting and intimate little recollections of her year at No. 5 to recall: memories of the almost incessant illness of Mrs. Carlyle; of many kindnesses from Mr. Carlyle, who had always liked and thought well of her; and of the friends and visitors of the house, amongst whom she remembered Ruskin, Froude, Tyndall, Forster, Darwin, Huxley, Tennyson, the Duke of Argyll, Miss Davenport-Bromley, Dean Stanley, the Marchioness of Lothian, the Countess of Airlie, Geraldine Jewsbury, Mr. Whistler, and others. Rather a notable galaxy for the modest doorstep of a "Chelsea Row!"

When Mrs. Broadfoot mentioned that she had several letters of Mrs. Carlyle's, written at the time of entering her service, and that she had thought of burning these, our custodian raised her voice in horrified protest; and great, therefore, was her satisfaction when, some weeks afterwards, a packet containing them arrived from Thornhill, most kindly sent to the house by its quondam "maid"; who has also been so good as to send me some interesting memories of her time at Cheyne Row.

These letters are naturally not documents of any historic importance. But

the bright humor and easy flow of converse which make all that Mrs. Carlyle wrote such delightful reading, are not wanting even here; and many, I think, will rejoice with me that, not merely as charming letters, but as the unintentional contribution of a highly gifted woman towards one solution of the great servant problem, they have been happily rescued from the flames which threatened them.

It should be mentioned—if only by way of much-needed example—that the permission of Mr. Alexander Carlyle has been sought and given to the publication of these letters, to which he has kindly contributed a few explanatory notes and details.

A word of explanation should perhaps be added as to the time when this correspondence took place. Carlyle had corrected and returned the final proofs of "Frederick the Great" in the spring of 1865; and the completion of his great work had left him in a spirit of exhaustion which took the form of a miserable restlessness. In March, he had been with his wife to stay with Lady Ashburton in Devonshire, and had returned home "in depths of stupefaction." In May, he sought fresh change by a visit to his sister, Mrs. Austin, at the Gill, Anandale. Mrs. Carlyle was left alone at No. 5, with a right arm so crippled by neuralgia that she could not write with it; and these letters were very probably written with her left hand, which accounts for the shaky and uncertain penmanship. Though she had to some extent recovered from the terrible illness of the previous year; the sleeplessness which had then almost driven her out of her mind recurred at intervals; while the heart mischief—which Carlyle does not seem to have realized—was increasing.

One feels, in transcribing these letters, how much such documents lose in the process. Italics are but a poor substitute for the dashes and underlining which Mrs. Carlyle used so freely; and other little scraps and ink-lings of an emphatic personality cling

about the handwriting, but vanish, of course, in leaden type.

Here is the first:

## I.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA:

May 15th [1865].

DEAR JESSEY,—I have just received from Mrs. Russell the news of your poor mother's death. I am not surprised; she (your Mother) looked so mortally ill when I saw her last August; and the accounts of her from time to time since had left no hope of ultimate recovery, or release from pain in this life.

Good, industrious, brave-hearted Margaret! Her children may well mourn the loss of such a Mother! But even her children could not wish her life prolonged when it had become for herself a constant and terrible torture.

And you have the consolation, your sister and you, of knowing you were kind to your Mother while she was with you, and that you did all you could to soothe the dear Life which it was not God's will to save!

Mrs. Russell tells me you will return to service now your sad duty is paid; and that you would come to London, to *me*, if we can come to an agreement.

That is difficult at this distance. Face to face, we could get to understand each other in a few minutes, but we may write questions and answers thro' the post till we are both tired; and, when all is written, there will still be much to take on trust, on both sides; and *you* will have but a vague idea of the "*Situation*," and *I*, as vague an idea of your fitness for it.

But I will do my best to be explicit.

First, let me tell you *why* I have turned my thoughts on *you* for a Housemaid, in preference to anyone here, whom I *could* transact with face to face.

It is because you are Margaret Heddestone's daughter. *She* was known in my family for a capital servant and a well-conducted woman; and I have great faith in *breed* and as great faith in upbringing. Nor does my connection with you date only as far back as your mother and uncle. Your grandfather, when a servant to my grandfather, was very good to me when I stayed at Castlehill, a child of eight years old. No wonder I recollect him perfectly; for it was he who first set me on the back of a pony and taught me to ride! There seems, thus, an old-fashioned, hereditary connection between you and myself that *ought* (at least) to make *you* a kinder servant to me, and me a kinder mistress to you than any servant and mistress chosen from among strangers was likely to be.

For the rest; I remember you at Mrs. Russell's,

—a *bonnie* young woman who dashed about with great activity; but who made a noise with the fire-irons and skuttle, and doors, and kept me constantly jumping. I daresay you have learned quietness and much else since then! What my Housemaid has to do is just, I suppose, what other Housemaids have to do, where there are only two servants kept. She has to do the House work, to answer the door, to wait at table, to be the least bit of a Lady's maid to me, and the least bit of valet to Mr. Carlyle. As the house is of moderate size, and as we have no dinner parties, and as both Mr. C. and myself are *orderly*, the work is certainly not heavy for anyone who understands her business. The washing is all given out; only the servants wash their own clothes—there is a little garden to dry them in. I give my Housemaid twelve pounds a year, and one pound ten for *beer money*, which she may drink or save—as she likes; tea and sugar of course is given.

I do not know what wages you had in Edin' or what number of servants you were along with. But I should not like you to come to me, if you could do better for yourself. Neither should I like you to come if you cannot make yourself happy among strangers, and at the same time have nobody of your own to visit in London. For I dislike a gloomy discontented looking servant quite as much as an inefficient one. There!—till I have your answer to what I have already written, I think this is enough.

It will be time enough to specify the when and how, when I know your mind to be in favour of coming. Take time to consider well.

Give my remembrances to your sister.

Yours truly,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

In reply to this, Jessie had evidently written describing the conditions of her previous "*situation*," stipulating for some little increase of wages, and signifying her willingness to come to an engagement if this were granted.

Mrs. Carlyle replied immediately:

## II.

5 GT. CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,

Friday [May, 1865].

DEAR JESSIE,—Your letter had been posted after the first post hour: so it was not delivered here till the afternoon, too late for being answered by return of Post. And Sunday being a blank day at the Thornhill post office, this will not reach you till Monday morning.

I am sorry you should be kept so many hours in uncertainty. But it cannot be helped on my part.

Having studied your letter with all the deliberation I could bring to bear on it, I am come to the



conclusion that my idea of having you for housemaid was more romantic than discreet. I have no doubt whatever that you would satisfy me as a servant; the stock you come of, Mrs. Russell's recommendation of you, my own recollection of your looks—all assures me on that head. But I have every doubt whether *you* would be satisfied with the Place! And your being ever so good a servant would only make the thing more disappointing, if after I had been at the expense of bringing you to London, and had invested a great deal of hope and kind feeling in you, *you* should find the place "not good enough" for you and too *dull* to be *staid* in.

And, from your account of the last service you were in, I cannot but foresee such would be the case,—the trifle of difference in the wages would n't signify. Tho' I have never given more than twelve pounds hitherto, I should n't mind increasing the wages if the servant were worth more. But it is the plainness and quietness of a house like ours that after having been "very happy" in a houseful of servants, where your chief work was *waiting*,—and no friends within reach to enliven your service here;—it is *THAT* which raises a difficulty which I cannot overcome for you,—or for myself.

Do you see what I mean? and agree with me; that it would be too great a risk for *you* to accept a place so inferior to your last in outward respects; and too great a risk for *me*, to bring anyone so far without a tolerable certainty of *keeping* her.—Sincerely yours,

J. CARLYLE.

The gist of the reply to this letter may be gathered from the following extract from a letter of Mrs. Carlyle to her husband, who was then at The Hill, Dumfries:

Last night there had come from Jessie H— a very nice letter, not accepting my rejection on the score of the "situation" being "too dull for her," but assuring me that she would not "be the least dull and discontented" and "altogether" throwing a quite different and rosier colour on the project. I will enclose the letter and you will read it and tell me if you think I was right in being moved thereby to engage her; for that is what I have done this forenoon in the middle of my sorrows of castor oil!

[Quinine pills and castor oil were the prescription given to Mrs. Carlyle for the aching arm!]

Here is the letter of engagement:

### III.

5 CHEYNE ROW:

Wednesday [May 24, 1865].

DEAR JESSIE,—I like your last letter; there is both Sense and Heart in it; and it has made me

less apprehensive of the "*Situation*" proving unsuitable to you. In every human relation entered on between two people there is always something to be *risks* on both sides, and something to be put up with; but as far as can be ascertained at this distance, it seems to me the risk to us two in taking one another for Mistress and Servant, is too trifling to be made a final objection; and that neither of us will find the other too *trying* to mortal patience!

So; let it be concluded that you are to come to me: And I will send you a *shilling* (in shape of postage stamps) after the good old Scotch fashion of engagement—unknown in London—but which I have always kept up,—to the surprise and sometimes to the *terror*—of the person receiving it who supposed it might bind her to Heaven knew what,—like the shilling given to enlist a Soldier!

About the *when*;—I am not in any haste,—so you may pay your visits and make them as long as you like. Six weeks hence will be time enough! For our dining-room needs to be painted; and until two visitors, I expect, have come and gone, the painting cannot be set about. And when it *does* get commenced I must fly my own house till the smell is gone!

It will be better that you should find *me* at home when you come—and also that you should find *something* to do!

Mr. Carlyle is in Dumfries at present, and is going to travel about "all the summer" he says. And while I am here, *alone* and *need* any housemaid, I can keep my present Housemaid.

If I could only summon courage for the long journey, I would go down to dear Holm Hill for a week or two—and then I might fetch you back with me. But all that is very unsettled as yet. The people here engage servants only by the *month*. A very bad plan, I think, giving opportunity to people to fly asunder in any moment of ill-humour on either side; when, had they been bound together for six months, they would have just had to make the best of it and found their account in *that* in the long run. For everlasting *changing* is not good for the soul of either mistress or maid I am sure!

Our engagement then should be for the term you have been used to—six months. I will pay your journey, in the first instance. But should you take it in your head to try for something new after the *first* six months, I should require you to bear *half* the expense of your journey yourself.

I need to make this stipulation to guard against flightiness! though I don't know—have not the least reason in the world to believe *you* flighty!

I will tell you the particulars of your journey when the time comes; and when I know my own movements better.

I have written in a great hurry, having an appointment at some distance, and in great *pain*,



having got something like *toothache* in my arm! But I think I have not forgotten anything essential.

I will just add this. If on longer reflection you feel any hesitation about taking the place just give *the shilling* to some poor person and write to me you have done so. I shall not be the least displeased with you.—Yours truly,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle did, before this, her last summer on earth, was over, "summon courage," to visit Scotland once again. In June, after suffering intensely for some weeks, and trying a succession of ineffectual remedies for her arm, she journeyed northward (passing within a quarter of a mile of her husband at Cummertrees) to Holm Hill, whence, on the 28th, in a letter to him, she writes:

Jessie is in Thornhill awaiting my orders—the most promising looking servant we have had since her mother. I am greatly pleased with her, and so glad I had faith in breed and engaged her. Many were eager to have her. But she was "proud to go back to the family!" "The family!" Where are they?

In the "Letters and Memorials" Carlyle gives a beautiful little account of their meeting at Dumfries, before she went to Nith Bank. This visit to Scotland was not the success, as regards her illness, which she had so hoped it might prove; the left hand, with which she had been learning to write, "took to cramp," and the housemaid had to be called in as amanuensis. On July 24 she returned to Chelsea, Carlyle travelling with her from Dumfries to Annan; and Jessie, as had been suggested in the last letter, accompanying her. The heat was intense; and as soon as she had finished the rearrangement of the sitting-room, which had been painted and papered, she went, on Miss Bromley's pressing invitation, for a fortnight's visit to Folkestone, whence the following letter is dated:

#### IV.

4 LANGHORNE GARDENS, FOLKESTONE:

Saturday [August 19, 1865].

Thanks, dear Jessie, for your note, which might have been *longer*, without fatiguing my attention! and without exhausting your news.

I continue to like my present quarters; and no wonder; for I have *slept* more since I came here, than I have done in any given week throughout the last three years!—have slept actually like a human Being; without needing to have recourse to *Lucifers*, or *porter-jelly*, or *essence of beef*, or any other of those melancholy inventions of Sleeplessness! It is rather mortifying, however, that sleeping so well I don't feel the least bit *stronger* for it! Twice that I have tried walking, about as far as twice the length of Cheyne Walk, I have had to get myself brought home ignominiously in a Donkey-Cart! And though I dine *twice* every day,—once at two o'clock, under the name of *Luncheon*, and again at half after eight under the name of *Dinner*; I don't think I eat, putting it altogether, as much as would keep a couple of rabbits, nay—one rabbit, plump and sleek! I miss the oatcakes! and I miss Mrs. Warren's coffee, oh most dreadfully! And I need excessively to have my hair combed!—tho' the pain is quite gone out of my arm, it is stiffer, I think, than ever! And then the Housemaid is so ugly!—I can't bear her to come within a yard of me! So I take an hour to dress *myself* and look untidy after all.

Well, one of the two weeks I gave myself is past and the other will soon be over too; and Heaven grant Mr. Carlyle may n't plump down on you in the meanwhile! He was to be back from his visits, on the other side of the Forth, next Tuesday; I mean—back to his brother's in Annandale—whence he would "start homewards," he said, "in one day or two." That sounds as if he might arrive at Cheyne Row about Thursday or Friday. I have written to beg him not to be in such desperate haste exactly at the wrong moment! But to at least stop a day or two at Alderley Park (where *we* should have stopt but for *the Baby*!) and so reach home in a calm state of mind, instead of driven distracted by the long journey all at one rush.

And then I held out the inducement that I should be there after Monday 28th to welcome him.

But—I don't know—man is born to *contradiction*—as the sparks fly upwards. The very persuasion that he should absent himself a few more days may give him an unconscious but irresistible impulse towards home! \*—Anyhow, Mrs. Warren and you will not be found like the foolish virgins with lamps without oil? And besides, you may be sure of his giving you due warning. Have his bedroom all right—and the upstairs room *fit to be seen*, and no other preparations need be made till the hour and day of his coming has been announced to you by himself. I still *hope* he may not come till I myself am home first! But—if he should,—there is one thing that you must attend to, and which

\* Carlyle's Letters show that he was in no hurry to get home—the reverse rather. Mrs. Carlyle's object is, of course, to give her servants a fright and keep them up to their work.

you would not think of without being told!—*that cat!*—I wish she were dead! But I can't shorten her days! because—you see—my poor dear wee dog\* liked her! Well! there she is—and as long as she attends Mr. C. at his meals (she does n't care a snuff of tobacco for him at any other times!) so long will Mr. C. continue to give her bits of meat, and driblets of milk, to the ruination of the carpets and hearthrugs!—I have over and over again pointed out to him the stains she has made—but he won't believe them *her* doing!—And the dining-room carpet was so old and ugly, that it was n't worth rows with one's Husband about! Now, however, that nice new cloth must be protected against the Cat-abuse. So what I wish is that you would shut up the creature when Mr. C. has breakfast, or dinner, or tea. And if he remarks on her absence, say it was my express desire. He has no idea what a selfish, immoral, improper beast she is, nor what mischief she does to the carpets.

My bed had better be slept in occasionally. Kind regards to Mrs. Warren.

Yours sincerely,  
JANE CARLYLE.

Carlyle did not stop at Alderley on his southward journey, but he "tarried" in Dumfriesshire till the day which Mrs. Carlyle had fixed for her return home, August 28th, on which date they both arrived at Cheyne Row: Mrs. Carlyle first, and her husband at ten o'clock at night. "Her beautiful figure," as Carlyle recalled afterwards, "and presence welcoming me home will never leave my memory more. . . . She was waiting for me the night I returned; she had hurried back from her little visit to Miss Bromley; must and would be here to receive me."

During the ensuing seven or eight months occasional references to "Jessie" may be found in Mrs. Carlyle's letters; but these are of little importance, and there is no need to transcribe them here. In reading what she wrote in these days one must always bear in mind the condition of nervous exhaustion to which she was so often reduced by pain and insomnia. "She was always very cheerful, and had busi-

ness enough; though I recollect some mornings, one in particular, when the sight of her dear face (haggard from the miseries of the past night) was a kind of shock to me." So wrote Carlyle in the too keen remorse begotten of his passionate sorrow, and adds: "We were peaceable and happy comparatively, through autumn and winter; especially she was wonderfully bearing her sleepless nights and thousandfold infirmities."

But one other mention of Jessie—almost the last in the tragic third volume of the Memorials—may be cited here. It is in a letter from his wife to Carlyle, written the day after his great Rectorial Address at Edinburgh, and describing the receipt of the news of its successful accomplishment:

The telegraph boy gave his double knock. "There it is," I said. Jessie rushed up with the telegram. I tore it open and read, "From John Tyndall" (Oh God bless John Tyndall in this world and the next!) "to Mrs. Carlyle." "A perfect triumph," I read it to myself, and then read it aloud to the gaping chorus. And chorus all began to dance and clap their hands. "Eh, Mrs. Carlyle! Eh, hear to that!" cried Jessie. "I told you Ma'am; I told you how it would be." "I'm so glad, cousin! You'll be all right now, cousin!" twittered Maggie, executing a sort of leap-frog round me. And they went on clapping their hands till there arose among them a sudden cry for brandy! "Get her some brandy." For you see the sudden solution of the nervous tension with which I had been holding in my anxieties for days—nay weeks past—threw me into as pretty a little fit of hysterics as you ever saw.

A touching little scene; a sort of prelude, indeed, of the catastrophe which was to befall that household less than three weeks afterwards.

The story of the sudden death of Mrs. Carlyle in her carriage on that fateful afternoon of Saturday, April 21, 1866, as told by Froude, is in several particulars incomplete, and in others incorrect.\* It may therefore, perhaps, be well to set down here, pieced together as far as may be with Froude's narrative, the recollections of my

\* This was Nero, "the little dim white speck of life, of love, fidelity, and feeling" who was the constant companion of Carlyle's night walks, and for ten years his wife's devoted little comrade, till he was run over by a cart in 1860, mercifully put out of pain by Dr. Barnes, and honorably buried at the end of the garden.

\* Unfortunately, as those who have read Mr. David Wilson's book on this subject are aware, the same must be said of too many of Mr. Froude's stories. His inaccuracies are astonishing. He describes, for example, in the Life, his last farewell interview with Carlyle "on the 4th of February, 1885," the day before he died; whereas, in fact, he did not

father, the Rector of Chelsea, and of Jessie, the housemaid of No. 5, who are probably the only two survivors of those who took actual part in the events referred to.

In the morning Mrs. Carlyle had made her arrangements for the party invited that evening to meet the Froudes, had written her letter to Carlyle, and had posted it herself. After lunch the brougham came round to take her for a drive. Dinner—so movable a feast always at the Carlyles'—was to be about four, and the guests were expected later on.

About five o'clock my father met the empty brougham returning from St. George's Hospital to Cheyne Row. Poor old Silvester, the coachman, pulled up on seeing him, and, terribly upset, told him what had happened: the drive first to Mr. Forster's house at Palace Gate; then to the park; Mrs. Carlyle's getting out near Queen's Gate, and giving her little dog a run as far as the Serpentine; and again putting him out near the Victoria Gate, when he was almost run over by a carriage, and his paw slightly hurt; her jumping out almost before he could pull up, lifting the dog into the carriage, and getting in herself; then the drive twice round the park, and his growing alarm at receiving no order from her; finally, his appeal to a passing lady, who at once gave her verdict, "Dead," which was confirmed by another bystander; and the drive to St. George's Hospital, where the worst was confirmed, and where he had just left his mistress.

His story told, Silvester drove on to Cheyne Row, and my father walked straight to the Froudes' in Onslow Gardens. In the "Life" (vol. ii., p. 312) Froude says he was at home all that day, and that a servant sent from Cheyne Row brought the news that something had happened to Mrs. Carlyle—a curious little instance of the inaccurate memory that so often led him astray. He was out when my

father called, and saw Mrs. Froude, who was, of course, greatly distressed at the news and her husband's absence.

A little later, on his way from Cheyne Row, Silvester, with Jessie on the box of the brougham, again met my father. Jessie writes:

I was going to identify the body. I gave him (Mr. Blunt) a letter I had with me from Mr. Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle, which had arrived that afternoon from Scotland, after Mrs. Carlyle had gone out for her drive. I remember how annoyed she was she did not get it, as she expected, in the early morning; and Mr. Carlyle himself was so grieved she had not got it—his last letter to her—then; for, he said, he had written it that she might have it in the morning. The letter was lying on the lobby table when Silvester came for me; and I just took it in my hand, as I knew it would say where Mr. Carlyle was, and that information would be wanted. When we met your father I gave it to him, as I thought he would know best what to do with it.

When my father arrived at Cheyne Row he found a situation of sad anxiety. No one knew definitely where Carlyle was. Should they open Carlyle's letter? And would it be possible to avoid an inquest? With some hesitation, it was decided to open the letter. He remembers that it was dated from Dumfries, and began with the one word "Dearest." No more was read; the letter was replaced and the envelope closed; telegrams were sent to John Carlyle and Dr. John Brown asking them to break the news as best they could at Dumfries. Carlyle received both telegrams in quick succession about nine o'clock, in his sister's sitting-room. He wrote of their coming:

It had a sort of *stunning* effect upon me. Not for above two days could I estimate the immeasurable depths of it, or the infinite sorrow which had peeled my life all bare, and, in a moment, shattered my poor world to universal ruin.

A little later on, John Forster, to whose house Jessie and Silvester had driven on their way to the hospital, and who had hurried to Cheyne Row, came on to see my father at the rectory. He was in a state of uncontrolled distraction and excitement as to how an

see Carlyle alive after Sunday, January 30. The whole story of Carlyle's neglect of his wife and blindness to her illness is essentially untrue, as told in the biography. It is flatly contradicted by Carlyle's own (almost daily) letters to members of the family, in nearly every one of which an accurate bulletin of Jane's health, or want of health, is given.

inquest, which he knew would be a cruel aggravation of Carlyle's sufferings, but which, from what had been said at the hospital, seemed inevitable, might be avoided. My father agreed that an effort should be made, and any influence brought to bear on the authorities, to obviate this, and Forster went off at once to Dr. Quain, Mrs. Carlyle's physician, and thence to St. George's Hospital, where, armed with the doctor's certificate, he was able to arrange for the removal of the body to Cheyne Row. Jessie, meanwhile, had reached the hospital, where, on a bed in a small room, her mistress lay, in dress and bonnet, just as she had been carried from the brougham. At the foot of the bed, waiting content but immovable till it should be her pleasure to go home, sat the poor little dog who had so nearly been run over in the park, and to lift whom tenderly back into the carriage beside her had been Mrs. Carlyle's last act on earth.

There was to have been quite a considerable party at the house that evening, Mrs. Carlyle having invited Principal Tulloch and his wife and daughters to meet the Froudes, while Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. and Mrs. Spottiswoode, and two or three others had also been asked. Jessie remembers how, on her return from the hospital, she found Mrs. Carlyle's address-book, and an effort was made to inform the friends. Mrs. Oliphant arrived early, and she undertook to receive and tell the other guests as they came. Geraldine Jewsbury, who had also been, with Froude, to the hospital, came in later. About midnight or a little after, the body—temporarily encoffined—was brought back from St. George's. Geraldine, who had lately become an intimate friend of Mrs. Carlyle, was there to receive it. When Jessie and Mrs. Warren, the housekeeper, had laid their mistress reverently at rest upon her bed in the little panelled first-floor room behind her drawing-room, there remained to be carried out one desire, "a strange, beautiful, sublime, almost terrible little action," as Carlyle called it, "silently resolved on and kept silent from all the earth for perhaps twenty-

four years." Here is the account of it which Geraldine Jewsbury wrote:

One time when Mrs. Carlyle was very ill, she had said to Mrs. Warren that when the last had come, she was to go upstairs into the closet of the spare room, and there she would find two wax candles wrapped in paper, and that these were to be lighted and burned. She said that after she came to live in London she wanted to give a party. [It must have been about 1837.] Her mother wished everything to be very nice, and went out and bought candles and confectionery, and set out a table, and lighted the room quite splendidly, and called her to come and see it when all was prepared. She was angry; she said people would say she was extravagant, and would ruin her husband. She took away two of the candles and some of the cakes. Her mother was hurt, and began to weep. She was pained at once at what she had done; she tried to comfort her mother, and was dreadfully sorry. She took the candles and wrapped them up, and put them where they could be easily found. We found them and lighted them.

So was the resolution, formed, "bright as with heavenly tears," on her mother's death, carried out. So, while Mrs. Oliphant received the arriving guests downstairs, the brilliant hostess lay dead above, her face, "calm, majestic, beautiful in death," illumined by the lights of her first bright party here; and so it was that Carlyle heard, in the beautiful words of the epitaph he afterwards placed upon her grave, of "the true and ever-loving helpmate suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

I must be allowed to quote a few extracts from the interesting notes which Jessie has very kindly sent me of her Cheyne Row memories.

Speaking of Carlyle, she says:

I could have lived with him all my days,\* and it always makes me angry when I read, as I sometimes do, that he was "bad-tempered" and "gey ill to get on with." He was the very reverse in my opinion. I never would have left him when I did, had I not been going to get married. I always remember his parting words to me: "Jessie, I don't know your intended husband, but if he's as good as you are you will do well. I never have been

\* All the servants of Cheyne Row were very fond of Carlyle, and ready to do their very best for him. Mr. Alexander Carlyle observed that himself during the two or three years he lived there; and his wife, who was with her uncle thirteen years, noticed the same thing.



served as I have been by you, and I will miss you." I took a great pride in attending on him at all times and studying his wants and wishes. It was ever one of my duties to rush out at once and "move on" all street-organs or things of that kind. Many a time in the morning, before he rose, I used to fill his pipe (the short clay one he used in his bedroom) for him, and strike the match to light it. I always cut up his tobacco (he used it in flat cakes) and kept his tin box regularly supplied. He always was so grateful for these little services. . . . I must tell you an amusing incident about an American (I do not recollect his name) who called after Mrs. Carlyle's death to see Carlyle. He called frequently, but I had orders to admit no strangers. He was so persistent, however, that at last I went in to Mr. Carlyle and told him how often he had been there and that he "just wanted to see him." Carlyle told me to send him in, and when he went in Carlyle just stood up from his desk in the back dining-room, in his long dressing-gown, and met him with: "Well, here I am! Take a good look at me." The gentleman was very much taken aback; but he must have pleased Carlyle, for I remember he stayed and talked quite a long time.

. . . It may interest you to know what became of the little dog "Tiny" so closely associated with Mrs. Carlyle's death. It was never brought back to Cheyne Row. Count Reichenbach came to me some time after the funeral, and begged me to ask Mr. Carlyle if he might have Tiny. Probably he had removed him from the hospital. Carlyle's reply was characteristic: "Tell him to take it, and never let me set eyes on it again!"

Once again, in 1878, Jessie saw Carlyle at Cheyne Row. "He was much changed" (it was the year when his weakness steadily increased), "but so kind, and pleased to see me."

She returned to her Dumfriesshire home, and three years later Carlyle was laid at rest in the burial-ground of his birthplace. She was not to see the master more, but she keeps of him many kindly and honorable memories, very different from those which some who did not know him might expect to have heard from her.

## Two Russian Novels

By CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT

THE unquiet spirit of young Russia finds literary expression in curiously diverse ways. Superficially, few works of fiction would seem to have less in common than "The Death of the Gods," by Dmitri Meréjkowski,\* and Máxim Górký's "Fomá Gordyéeff";† the former is a subtle study of Julian the Apostate, involving the pageantry of Roman life in the fourth century; the latter a straightforward account of the life of a Russian merchant's son a generation ago. In reality, however, the two volumes express the same spirit, and neither are novels in any strict sense of the word. So far as the evidence of these books goes, both writers are thinkers rather than storytellers, with the difference that Meréjkowski's philosophy is definite, formulated, recognizable, while the tramp-novelist reports facts and with-

holds his personal deductions. "The Death of the Gods" is full of elaborate descriptions of the pomp of life in the fourth century, and has many picturesque passages of the kind that carried "Quo Vadis" into hands where otherwise it would not have gone, but these descriptions are the author's only concessions to the public taste, and the chief interest of the book remains centred in its philosophy.

The historical novel, pure and simple, exists no longer, (says the translator of "The Death of the Gods"). Writers of genius who seem to write historical novels, in reality are only transferring to the stage of the world a drama which is being played in their own souls. They transfer thither that drama in order to show that the struggle which is now going on in us is eternal.

The struggle in the soul of the apostate emperor is between the Christian and the Pagan elements in man, between "the cult of Dionysus and the cult of Christ." Julian longs for the old worship while he practises the new; yet is

\*"The Death of the Gods." By Dmitri Meréjkowski. Translated by Herbert Trench. Authorized Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.30.

† "Fomá Gordyéeff." By Máxim Górký. Translated by Isabel Florence Hapgood. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.



unsatisfied with the Olympians when at last he is able to cast off disguise and proclaim his creed to the world. His notions of the gods themselves are tintured by his knowledge of Christianity, his deities are no longer those of Hellas; "luminous, pitiless, terrible sons of the azure, rejoicing in the blood of victims and in the pains of mortals." They are, rather, merciful, charitable, "seduced by the faith of the fishermen of Capernaum, full of compassion for men." And Julian himself is ever restless, fearful, sad. He implores Maximus the enchanter to deliver his soul from fear. From childhood it has been the same with him, he has been afraid—

Afraid of life, of death, of myself, of the mystery of all things, of the darkness. . . . I wish to be free as one of the old Hellenes, and I have no gladness in me. . . . Deliver me from that eternal fear, from these consuming darknesses.

Julian's disquiet is that of the man of religious temperament who yet has no religion in which he securely rests. It is the essential disquiet of the coming hour. Defeated in Persia, rejected by the gods of Olympus, he achieves the conception of Man as his own God. "*The gods are no more; or, rather, the gods do not yet exist. They are not. But they will be. We shall all be gods. We have but to dare.*" Dying, he prophesies "there shall begin on earth the reign of the equals of the gods, souls laughing forever in the sun."

We need not believe that Meréjkowski's reading of Julian is historically accurate unless we choose; he is certainly drawn true to the conflict in the soul of man between the ideals of asceticism and those of harmonious spiritual development.

But the Church herself had previously harmonized these apparently warring elements in the days of the "minor peace," when she achieved the idea that moral effort is not necessarily the sacrifice of one part of human nature to another. Surely, even in the days of Julian there must have been still vital the conception of the tender Christ, "*Christus Pastophorus*," whom Pater tells us his people saw as "se-

rene, blithe, debonair, beyond the gentlest shepherd of Greek mythology." Here was the sanction for the ideal of spiritual development, if that had been the thing Julian sought.

In "*Fomá Gordyéeff*" there is not a word of religion nor of religious philosophy. We have simply the frightful picture of an utterly bewildered and finally stupefied soul groping in darkness for something—it knows not at all what—that shall make existence intelligible and action possible—and never finding it.

Fomá is the son of a wealthy merchant, a self-made man who works with tremendous energy and carouses with equal fury. His son is primitive, simple, handsome; as a boy he is gentle and pensive, save for occasional fits of fury. With manhood comes a sense of expectation. "Something is stirring in my soul, but I cannot understand it." Business does not interest him. He sees that trade is a perpetual warfare. He waits for something to present itself which shall make all things clear. He denies at this period that he is unhappy. "I simply have n't yet got used to living," he explains to Liúboff, the daughter of his father's friend, a girl who, like himself, is groping for she knows not what.

Fomá admires a beautiful woman above him in social position. He goes to her with his soul, he expects her to explain life, to give him the master word, but he learns that she is corrupt and that she can explain nothing. He then falls into a life of debauchery, and the reader is spared none of its loathsome details. He does a thousand mad, reckless, foolish things, but does them in deep oppression. He asks himself:

What is this that is going on in me? Here I have begun to carouse—why? I don't know how to live. I don't understand myself. Sometimes you think and think—and thoughts stick all round your soul as with resin. And all at once everything vanishes from you as though it had dropped through the earth. Then, it's as dark in your soul as in a cellar, damp and utterly empty. . . . There's nothing at all there. It's even terrible—as though you were not a man but a bottomless ravine. What do I want?

Fomá fancies that if he could get free from everything, the cares of business, the detail of his life, if he could stand aside and see the world go by, he might gain a point of view, a point of support. This, it seems to him, is what he, in common with those around him, lack. The difference is that the others do not understand this. There is in them nothing firm and steadfast. "When sober they appeared to him unhappy and stupid; when drunk they were repulsive and still more stupid." So he bears himself scornfully toward his boon-companions and denounces them. They irritate him; all life irritates. At times everything affronts him and the root of it all is the stinging thought of his unfitness for life.

It was among creatures like Fomá, simple, primitive, passionate, yet latent idealists, that the Roman Church found the material for some of her early saints and martyrs. But Fomá lives too late. Mother Church has lost her authority. There is no one to take him in hand and order his life for him, no one to explain him to himself. His brain and body pay the wonted penalty and he goes his appointed way to imbecility and the gutter, making a worse end than most hardened materialists through the impotence and futility of

his very longing for something better.

The Julian of Meréjkowski has, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that his one great need in life is a religion that fits his soul, but Fomá Gordyéeff, the imbruted Russian, stumbling headlong down the blind path that leads to despair and dissolution, feels the same need and knows not what to call it. And Gorky is equally silent. He reports faithfully, but comments not at all. He leaves the reader wondering if he himself knows the real significance of what he writes. He is a voice in the darkness, crying from the heart of Russia. The problem of Fomá Gordyéeff is the old, old problem—"What shall I do to be saved?"

In the Russian literature of the last few years means anything, it means that among Russia's tremendous undeveloped resources is a vast latent spirituality. The work of the great Russians is a literature created not by art, but by ethics. It is a literature of ferment, of unrest, of spiritual groping, sometimes rising to consciousness, sometimes wholly blind. The two new writers, whose names we are asked to enroll with those of Turgenéff, Tolstoy, Dostoyefsky, carry on, each in a different path, the same tradition. They, too, are of the Seekers.





## The Eternal City

(Pocket Version)

### PROLOGUE

ON a doorstep in Soho crouched a little Italian boy with an accordion and a monkey. As is usual in such cases, it was Christmas Eve and the boy had lost his way. He was hungry and homeless, and it was snowing as it never does on December 24th in real life. He moved farther into the lime-light and prepared to die. At that moment an Italian refugee Doctor fell over him.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" he cried.

He looked at the boy closely.

"*Italiano?*" asked the Doctor.

"*Si, Signore.*"

It was enough. He led him into the house, where they were met by Roba, his tiny daughter.

"Oo a boy?" she asked.

He smiled.

"Oo me brudder?"

He paled.

"Oo lub me?"

"This is rather sudden," he managed to gasp.

So are destinies moulded.

### BOOK I.—THE PRIME MINISTER

#### I

Baron Bowbelli was the strong man of Italy. His bloodshot eyes burned like red lamps. The King was a mere nonentity, a nervous boy, hiding in the Quirinal. The Pope was practically a prisoner in the Vatican. Bowbelli was Italy's ruler; but even Bowbelli could serve as well as command, and to whom he bowed his neck all Rome knew. It was the old story.

"Why did the Prime Minister ap-

point so-and-so?" Bona Roba. "Why did he dismiss such-and-such?" Bona Roba.

### BOOK II.—BONA ROBA

#### II

Bona Roba was a type of the fair lady who has appeared in the history of every nation since the days of Helen of Troy—one of those exquisite creatures whose lovely eyes and rosy mouth exercise a function in the state. This is as broad a hint as one can give in a ladies' magazine, without losing serial rights.

But Bona Roba's diplomatic wit and influence were alike exploded before our story begins: you will find no trace of them here.

She had raven hair worn over the forehead, a golden complexion, and violet eyes—a curious blend.

### BOOK III.—THE HON. ROSSI

#### I

Baron Bowbelli had one besetting care—Rossi, the anarchist and Master Christian.

The Hon. Rossi was the terror of Vatican and Quirinal. His leading articles in the *Suncrow* were whispered at midnight in every capital in Europe. What he wanted, nobody knew; but that he was a great revolutionist was beyond question.

He had the burning, purposeful eyes and ascetic features of all heroes of moral fiction. Also he was the very image of the Pope; but, as it's an impossibly wise child who knows his own

father before the end of this kind of book, we shall say no more about that except in occasional hints.

The Hon. Rossi committed every day at least one crime in the service of humanity; but, being one of the Irish members of the Italian Parliament, he could not, of course, be arrested. His present programme was "Free polenta."

## BOOK IV.—THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE

### I

It was the first day of the New Century, and the Pope was holding a Twencent levée. Pilgrims from all over the world were present. Even Laxe sent its representative.

Bona Roba had a front seat at Baron Bowbelli's. The little Princess was there, too, and the English Ambassador and the American Ambassador. Brilliant talk resounded, with Italian words here and there.

Suddenly the impressive spectacle was interrupted by a young man in a soft hat, who flung himself upon the Holy Father.

Riot ensued.

"The assassin!" cried the populace.

Bona Roba shrieked.

The Swiss Guards, with their facings of red, at length extricated the Pope from the young man's clutches.

"It is nothing," said Bowbelli, with a cynical chuckle; "only the Hon. Rossi presenting a petition concerning free polenta. Ah, these playful socialists."

### II

On the removal of the Pope to a place of safety, the Hon. Rossi addressed the crowd.

"My friends," he said, "fellow working men, what is the doctrine of the future? Down with the King. Down with the Pope. Down with Bowbelli and his mistress. It is time for the meek to inherit the earth. Make way for me!"

The people stood awestruck. Burning eloquence always held them spell-bound.

Bona Roba gnashed her teeth. She

hated to hear herself correctly described.

## BOOK V.—LOVE

### I

Bona Roba was notorious in Rome, but she had but to tell the Hon. Rossi that Rome was mistaken, and he believed it. Then they went fox-hunting together.

"Oo lub me?" he said as the night fell wonderfully over the old Campagna.

The words awakened in her a memory—Soho, a cold night, a little Italian boy, an accordion, a monkey.

She saw it all.

It was Fate.

### II

Bona Roba felt that she could not live this lie any longer. She must tell the Baron that she loved him no more. But how? To write him two long letters a day was the simplest plan; but so undramatic! No, she had a better idea, and at once issued invitations to a grand reception in her studio. For it should have been stated that she was not only an improper young person, and a complete letter-writer, but also a sculptor of supernal gifts. She had designed a fountain for the city, with the figures of Virtue and Vice in prominent positions. Her guests were invited to a private view of this masterpiece.

All Rome came, that is, the little Princess and the English Ambassador, the American Ambassador, and the Mayor. Also the Hon. Rossi and Baron Bowbelli.

Brilliant conversation ensued until the time came to remove the sheet. Bona Roba twitched off the covering of Virtue with one resolute pull, and revealed—the bust of the Hon. Rossi! Another pull, and the hideous features of Vice were displayed—an unmistakable likeness of the Baron Bowbelli.

There is an incident like this in "The Master Christian," but that is the kind of book we never read.

### III

The Hon. Rossi and Bona Roba



were married secretly, and he at once fled the country.

## IV

Dear Hon. Rossi,—I am utterly yours. I feel that hitherto I have lacked sprightliness in my correspondence; but meeting the other day a nurse named Quayle, from the Isle of Man, she gave me some epistolary lessons which will remedy that defect. Did I say I was utterly yours? I am sending this through the post in order that no hint of your address shall reach the police—B. R.

## BOOK VI.—THE ARMY

## I

Notwithstanding this letter, and the scores of others embodying similar statements of affection, but much longer in wind, Bona Roba's tongue was too much for her, and she gave away the Hon. Rossi's secrets on every side. He was arrested, and brought back from his hiding-place, without a thought that was not known to Bowbelli and the Chief of the Police.

On reaching Rome, to escape from the regiment of carabinieri who had captured him was the work of a moment.

An hour later he had parted from Bona Roba and killed Bowbelli.

He then drove to the Vatican and ordered a private room.

## BOOK VII.—THE VATICAN

## I

The Hon. Rossi was still in the Vatican. The Pope (disguised as a valet) had had several interviews with him. Their resemblance to each other was noticed to be increasing.

In reply to all requests from the Government for the Hon. Rossi to be given up, the Pope invariably made reply: "Not at home."

## II

"Eminence," said the Pope one day to the chief of his staff, "may I have a word with you?"

"Holiness, you may."

"Eminence, is there any reason why a Pope, before he becomes Pope, should not have a wife and a family?"

"Holiness, none whatever. But it is not usual."

"Eminence, I thank you."

## III

At that moment a ring was heard at the Vatican door.

"What is it, Eminence?"

"Holiness, the army wish to come in."

"I will go to them," said the Pontiff.

He slowly descended, and standing on the doorstep, bade the army enter and do its worst.

Not a man but wept, and, flinging aside his arms, fled away.

## BOOK VIII.—THE REPUBLIC

## I

There is little more to tell. The next day the Republic was declared; the King escaped to Greeba Castle; and the Hon. Rossi was the hero of the moment. Parliament met and acclaimed him Prime Minister.

"But I killed Bowbelli," he explained.

It made no difference.

"If you will behave nicely to the Pope I will take office," he said, "but not unless. Promise me that he shall have every comfort; that the Vatican shall be a home from home."

"We promise."

## BOOK IX.—MRS. GRUNDY

## I

And Bona Roba? Alas! Young women who misbehave with Prime Ministers cannot be let off by Manx moralists. She died young.







THE events of Gilbert White's life are not striking. He was born at Selborne in 1720, being the son of a bar-rister and country gentleman, John White, and Anne Holt, daughter of Thomas Holt, rector of Streatham. His grandfather, Gilbert White (1650-1728), had been vicar of Selborne.

This Gilbert White was apparently a well-to-do man, for he left considerable bequests to the village, and doubtless inherited wealth from his father, who had been an eminent citizen of Oxford in the time of Cromwell. Sampson White, whom we may call the founder of the family, was a draper in the High Street; he had migrated to the city from Coggs, near Whitney, where his family had been settled for many generations. He was mayor in 1660, served as "butler of the beer-cellar" at the coronation of Charles II., and was knighted among many others, at that gay time.

About a year after the naturalist's birth his parents removed to Compton, near Guildford, returning to Selborne, however, some ten years later. John White died there in 1758, his wife in 1739. The Wakes, the house in which the naturalist was born, and where he spent the last thirty-five years of his life, was built by Gilbert White, the vicar of Selborne, bequeathed to his son-in-law, the Rev. Charles White, and by him to Gilbert White, the naturalist, his nephew by marriage.

Gilbert White, the naturalist, was the eldest of eleven children, three of whom died in infancy. Those of his brothers and sisters who are in any degree memorable, either for what they

did, or for their close association with the naturalist, were:

(1) Thomas Holt (1724-1797), who made a fortune as a London ironmonger, and wrote papers on natural history, particularly on the trees of Great Britain. He was elected to the Royal Society in 1777.

(2) Benjamin (1725-1794), a London bookseller, who brought out the "History of Selborne," besides most of the works of Ellis, Pennant, Montagu, and other English naturalists; he succeeded Gilbert in the enjoyment of the estate at Selborne.

(3) Rebecca (b. 1726), married to Henry Woods, of Shopwyke, near Chichester.

(4) John (1727-1781), who was chaplain at Gibraltar, and after 1772 vicar of Blackburn in Lancashire. He corresponded with Linnæus about the animals of Andalusia, and wrote a "Natural History of Gibraltar," which did not, however, get into print. Gilbert White\* calls him "a very exact observer," and often cites him as an authority.

(5) Ann (b. 1731), who married Thomas Barker, and had a son Samuel and three daughters, who often appear in Gilbert White's correspondence.

(6) Henry (1733-1788), who became rector of Fyfield, and took pupils there. He kept meteorological observations, no doubt at Gilbert's request, for comparison with those made at Selborne. Thomas White at South Lambeth, and Thomas Barker (Gilbert White's brother-in-law) at Lyndon, in

\* Letter XVI.

Rutland, did the same. Extracts from Henry White's "Diary" have been printed in "Notes on the Parishes of Fryfield, etc.," by E. D. Webb (Salisbury, 1898).

Gilbert was sent to school at Basingstoke, where his master was the Rev. Thomas Warton, father of Joseph and Thomas Warton, who still hold places in English literary history. In December, 1739, he was admitted a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, where he became fellow in 1744. He took holy orders in 1747.

Mr. Warde Fowler remarks that

as a Fellow he [Gilbert White] was of course ordained, and later on he took a small college living in Northamptonshire [Moreton Pinckney]; but he took it on the understanding that he should never reside there, and to this resolution, which in these days seems shocking, he steadily adhered all his life. I do not wish to dwell on this, or on his other relations to his college, which were not wholly of a pleasant character; but Oxford men are aware that a non-resident who insists on his right to take his turn as Proctor, or who holds his Fellowship for fifty years, is not likely to be popular with his college.\*

We have to admit that for fifty years White steadily refused all preferment that would vacate his fellowship, and though he held curacies (Swarraton, Selborne, Durley, Selborne again, Farringdon, Selborne a third time) he passed the bulk of his life in a somewhat indolent comfort at the old family house in Selborne.

We must not judge Gilbert White by the standard of work which is now set in Church and University. In the eighteenth century it was enough for the parson to lead a decent life, to conform to the rules of good society, and to meet the statutory claims upon his time. White lost nothing in the esteem of his parishioners by living like a squire of small fortune. Neither he nor they thought it a duty to multiply Church services, or to abstain from the usual diversions of the country gentleman. He was attentive to his set duties, a good neighbor, a kind master, and a friend to the poor. It was remarked as a sentiment of his "that a

clergyman should not be idle and unemployed." If he was content, for the love of Selborne and lettered ease, to give up all hopes of preferment, that was, in the view of his contemporaries, his own affair. Even strict judges, born in a later and less indulgent age, will not place Gilbert White in the common herd of non-resident fellows, non-resident parsons, holders of sinecures, and pensioners who had never served. Late in life he gave the world assurance that he was not only one of the keenest and surest of naturalists, but also a charming writer of English. It was by no dull and formal piece of scholarship that he repaid the debt imposed upon him by the long tenure of a college fellowship and a college living, but by a masterpiece, now to be counted among those possessions of the English race which are above price.

White never married. It has been conjectured that he was attached, perhaps engaged, to Hester Mulso, the sister of an old college friend. Hester Mulso, once widely known as Mrs. Chapone, was a blue-stocking, and a notable friend of virtue in young ladies. Her literary parties are described by Fanny Burney, who thought that they would be prodigiously mended by a little rattling. Her verses to Gilbert White's tortoise, Timothy, suggested the amusing letter from "your sorrowful reptile," which is to be found in White's correspondence. In the long series of letters from John Mulso to White, Professor Newton finds no confirmation of the story of an attachment between White and Hester Mulso.

It is not likely that we shall ever know what made a naturalist of Gilbert White. Was it some school-fellow at Basingstoke? Was it the example of Dr. Stephen Hales, who among other livings held that of Farringdon, the next parish to Selborne, and was as well known to Gilbert White also as to his father and grandfather? In Letter X. to Pennant, White says: "It has been my misfortune never to have had any neighbours whose studies have led them towards the pursuit of natural knowledge; so that, for want of a companion to quicken my industry and

\* "Summer Studies of Birds and Books," p. 220.

sharpen my attention, I have made but slender progress in a kind of information to which I have been attached from my childhood." Yet his brothers, two of them more particularly, were fond of natural history, so that, but for this express statement, we should have been ready to suppose that the taste ran in the family. With English squires and parsons natural history links on to field-sports and planting. White and some of his elders seem to have been fond of both pursuits, though their opportunities were limited. Books cannot have helped him much. There were, it is true, Willughby and Ray, but, to say nothing of the Latin in which many of their works were written, they were fitter to satisfy than to excite curiosity. In White's youth there was nothing in the least like the "Natural History of Selborne," but only dry treatises and collections of marvellous tales, little better than the bestiaries of the dark ages.

White's notes, many of which are preserved in manuscript in the British Museum, were written down at short intervals, while the circumstances were fresh. They were often copied into private letters; they formed the groundwork of his published papers, and in the end they yielded the best part of the "Natural History of Selborne." From 1768 onwards White recorded his observations in the *Naturalist's Journal* (London: Printed for W. Sandby, in Fleet St., MDCCLXVII). His copy of the first year's journal is marked: "Gil. White, 1768. The gift of the Honourable Mr. Barrington the Inventer. The Insects are named according to Linnæus: the plants according to the sexual system: the birds according to Ray." In 1771 and following years the *Naturalist's Journal* is marked as "Printed by Benjamin White, at Horace's Head, in Fleet Street" (no date). The later issues have an engraved instead of a letter-press title-page. White sometimes ruled his own books, or if he returned to Barrington's form, wrote across many of the columns. The diaries, of which there are six bound volumes, are now in the British Museum, having

been purchased of the Rev. G. Taylor in 1881. It was from them that Dr. Aikin compiled the "Naturalist's Calendar" and the "Observations on Various Parts of Nature."

It is characteristic of Gilbert White that he takes little note of the progress made by natural history in his own lifetime. It was the age of Linnæus, and White cannot be reproached with inattention to him at least. But the reader of his published and private letters might fail to be reminded that Buffon and Réaumur and De Geer were then writing their histories, that John Hunter was dissecting and making experiments, that the British Museum and the Botanic Gardens at Kew were being set up, or that Cook's voyages were making known the natural productions of another hemisphere. Some of these tokens of scientific activity are passed over altogether; others are slightly mentioned; upon none of them does White dwell repeatedly and with interest.

White's education in natural history, so far as it was a matter of books, consisted mainly in the study of Ray and Linnæus. Swammerdam he quotes in one or two places, but he shows no general acquaintance with the "Biblia Naturæ." Réaumur and De Geer were, for some reason that we can only guess at, inaccessible to him. In a letter of 1774 he says, "I wish I could read Réaumur and De Geer." Two years later we have him getting Réaumur's account of "Hippobosca" transcribed for his own use. It is not to be supposed that White was unable to read the French of Réaumur and De Geer; he means that their works were not to be had in Selborne. Yet so many copies of Réaumur's "Histoire des Insectes" had been printed (it is still a very common book), that the difficulty of studying his writings is not quite intelligible. De Geer's great work may well have been hard to get at in 1774, but one would have thought it worth the trouble. White died in almost complete ignorance of the discoveries of these great naturalists. Leeuwenhoek and Malpighi he never names; their work was largely

anatomical and microscopic, and White was not trained in either method. Nor does he seem to have known Buffon, who could have told him that the noctule had already been described. It is probable that the poet Gray, and others who gained no fame as naturalists, were much better read in zoölogy than Gilbert White. His knowledge of plants was slight, and we find in his books or letters few references to the great development of scientific botany which took place during his lifetime, though he was deeply impressed with the systematic work of Linnæus. Ray, Willughby, Hudson, and Linnæus taught him to name many of his beasts, birds, insects, and flowers, and thus furnished he turns to the work in which his real strength lay, to what he calls (October 31, 1777) "true natural history, because it abounds with anecdote and circumstance," the natural history which seeks above all to study the animals and plants that we have about us as *living* things. "Learn as much as possible the manners of animals," he writes to his brother John; "they are worth a ream of descriptions."

In the "Natural History of Selborne" White frequently quotes or makes use of the following books:

Linnæus, "Systema Naturæ"; Linnæus, "Synopsis Stirpium"; Ray, "Synopsis Methodica Avium et Piscium"; Ray, "The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation"; Ray, "Select Remains of, with his life," by the late W. Derham; Ray, "Historia Insectorum"; Hudson, "Flora Anglica"; Derham, "Physico-Theology"; Scopoli, "Anni Historico-Naturales"; Stillingfleet, "Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Natural History"; Pennant, "British Zoölogy"; Hales, "Statistical Essays"; Willughby, "Ornithology"; Geoffroy, "Histoire des Insectes."

Whenever he wished to decorate a letter with quotations, Virgil, Milton, and the Bible seem to have come first into his thoughts. Chance quotations show that he had read more widely at some time, but without keeping up (we suppose) any great familiarity with the

majority of his authors. All the books which were essential to the "Natural History of Selborne" would have gone into a single shelf.

Three of White's correspondents are very particularly associated with the "History and Antiquities of Selborne." These are Thomas Pennant, the Hon. Daines Barrington, and the Rev. Dr. Chandler.

Thomas Pennant (1726-1798) was a country gentleman of Downing, near Holywell, in Flintshire. His character and methods are sufficiently delineated in "The Literary Life of the late Thomas Pennant, Esq., by Himself" (London, 4to, 1793), not a posthumous, but as he styles it a "post-existent performance." It relates the career of a man of boundless activity and much self-esteem. He tells how he got a taste for natural history at the age of twelve by reading Willughby's "Ornithology," searched Cornwall for minerals, wrote an account of an earthquake which got printed among other narratives of the same kind in the "Philosophical Transactions," described fossils and corals from Coalbrookdale, and corresponded with Linnæus. In 1761 he began to publish the "British Zoölogy," which gave what was then considered to be a fair account of most of the groups of British animals, the insects, however, being left out altogether. Many other books followed: "Tours in Scotland," "A Tour in Wales," "A History of Quadrupeds," "Arctic Zoölogy," "London," etc. Some of his books went through several editions, and he was one of the most successful writers of the age. Opinions differed as to their value. Percy ran down his descriptions, and declared that "a carrier, who goes along the side of Loch Lomond, would describe it better." Johnson defended Pennant vigorously. "He's a Whig, sir, a sad dog, but he's the best traveller I ever read." A hundred years later one is obliged to admit that Pennant's merits were only moderate. He was not enough of a zoölogist to write books on zoölogy, and the gap left by the death of John Ray was first filled to some extent by



George Montagu in zoölogy, as by Sir J. E. Smith in botany. Some of Pennant's books on natural history are readable; others are not; both kinds are mainly compilations from Linnaeus, Buffon, Pallas, and other writers. His topographical books are the off-hand productions of an inquisitive man, who loved riding about the country, and wrote with ease.

White had no great love for Pennant. He seems in the correspondence to complain of Pennant's stinginess and ungentlemanly behavior to his brother John. Bell, in his edition of White's "Selborne,"\* says much about Pennant's use of White's information without acknowledgment. Yet in the "British Zoölogy"† Pennant announces his debt. In the "Synopsis," however (1771), and the "History of Quadrupeds" (1781) the noctule and the harvest-mouse are included without mention of Gilbert White. I do not observe that White resented this treatment. Our present usage in the matter of acknowledgment was not then firmly established. Linnaeus is very careless about it, and White himself never mentions by name Dr. Chandler, to whom he was under great obligations in his account of the antiquities of Selborne.

To Pennant, as a man who had the ear of the public, and was the best-known English zoölogist of the day, Gilbert White communicated his discoveries and observations. His first letters to Pennant (beginning with Letter X.) were written without any intention of independent publication. When he collected these and others into a book, he not only retained Pennant's name, but addressed to him additional letters, which had been written to complete the history. The first forty-four letters profess to be letters to Pennant, but only those which bear a date were actually sent by the post.

The Hon. Daines Barrington (1727-1800), to whom the rest of the letters in the "Natural History of Selborne" were addressed, was a son of the first Viscount Barrington. He entered at

the Bar, and became a Welsh judge. His "Observations on the Statutes" are said to contain much curious information, which has been ransacked by writers on jurisprudence. He edited (very badly) King Alfred's "Orosius." But his chief contributions to knowledge related to natural history and kindred subjects.

If the reader should happen to come across the quarto volume of "Miscellanies," by the Hon. Daines Barrington (London, 1781, pp. 558 and viii.), he will easily learn from it a good deal respecting White's favorite correspondent, and also something about the state of natural history in England when the "History of Selborne" was preparing for the press.

The early pages are occupied by "Tracts on the Possibility of Reaching the North Pole." Instances are quoted of sea-captains who got within 2°, 1°, and even 30' of the Pole, which leads the modern reader to conclude that old log-books may be very untrustworthy. One result of the information respecting the polar regions which he brought together was that the Royal Society applied to the Admiralty for an Arctic expedition. The request was granted, and Captain Phipps was sent out in 1773. The expedition returned the same year, having reached a latitude of 80.5°, a very moderate success if Barrington's expectations had been just. The essay on the Turkey seeks to prove that, though the bird was indigenous to Virginia, it was not peculiar to America, and first reached Europe from Asia. The account of the Reindeer collects many miscellaneous observations from books, and notes some facts respecting a reindeer which was kept three years at Homerton. The essay on the "Bat or Rere-Mouse" owes all its interest to some observations on the hibernation of bats, communicated by Mr. Cornish, a surgeon of Totness; the rest is taken from Pennant and other authors, and indirectly brings in some of White's information, which had been communicated to Pennant's "British Zoölogy." There is also the well-known essay on the "Periodical Appearing and Disap-

\* Vol. I., p. xii.

† 8vo ed., 1768; see Preface, p. xiii., Appendix, p. 498.



pearing of Certain Birds at Different Times of the Year," which is here reprinted, with additions, from the "Philosophical Transactions." He admits that periodical migrations may take place from one part of a continent to another, or even across a narrow strait, but it seems to him highly improbable that birds should traverse seas and oceans. He criticises the accounts of Adanson and Wager, and defends the theory of winter-torpority, though he owns that he had never seen birds in the torpid state. He quotes from White's Letter VIII.\* the observations that woodcocks pair before they retire, and that the hens are then forward with egg; also from Letter VII. the mention of the migration of the ring-ousel. An essay on the torpidity of the swallow tribe follows, in which White's Letter XXXVI. first appeared in print. Another essay contains Barrington's skeptical thoughts upon the common belief that the cuckoo neither hatches nor rears its young, which he finds to take its rise in a passage of Aristotle. It may be that some of the cases quoted, in which the cuckoo is said to have hatched and fed her own young, are well-founded. White's Letter XXIV. is rather awkwardly introduced into this essay. Then we have a weak and petulant criticism of the Linnæan system. Barrington would have what White calls the "life and conversation" of animals more attended to. To give a better idea of his meaning, he refers to White's letters on the British swallows. White himself never disparaged system, though he was so intent upon the study of live natural history. More than once in his correspondence he dwells upon the necessity of a systematic foundation for work that is meant to last. Thus, writing to his brother John (May 26, 1770), he says: "I am glad you begin to relish Linnæus; there is nothing to be done in the wide, boundless field of natural history without system," and other passages to the same effect might be quoted. Several very interesting accounts of remarkable young mu-

sicians are to be found in the "Miscellanies." Barrington had personally witnessed and critically examined the early performances of Mozart, Charles and Samuel Wesley, and Crotch. His anecdotes have often been drawn upon by later writers.

These are the best things which the naturalist finds in Barrington's "Miscellanies." He also contributed to the "Philosophical Transactions" a number of papers which were never collected. The chief of these is one on the "Singing of Birds." The sounds uttered by birds are, he thinks, no more innate than language is in man. He gives instances of birds which have caught the song of a foster-parent or a fellow-captive. He thinks that hen birds are commonly mute and dull-colored, for their own safety during incubation. The repeated references to Barrington in Darwin's "Descent of Man" show that his observations still constitute an important part of the literature of animal instinct. He wrote also on the temperature of Italy in ancient and modern times (see White's Letter V.); on the trees indigenous to Great Britain (where he very properly decides that the Spanish chestnut is not among the number); on rain at different heights, and on Dolly Pentreath, the last person who spoke the Cornish language. His plan of a "Naturalist's Calendar" was put into practice by Gilbert White and others. Barrington was F.R.S., and presented White's papers on Swallows to the Royal Society. A tropical myrtle, *Barringtonia*, named after him by Forster, still keeps his name familiar to the new generations of botanists. He survived long enough to become one of the oddities among Charles Lamb's "Old Benchers." By a singular fate the correspondent of Gilbert White is the benchman whose bill for sparrow-poison is disallowed.

In the eyes of many naturalists (Gilbert White among the rest) Barrington did good service by issuing a form for the observation of periodical natural phenomena. This was the "Naturalist's Calendar," which was published regularly for many years. Here were

\*The numbers refer to the letters to Barrington in the "History of Selborne."

provided columns for meteorological readings, and for the appearance or disappearance of leaves, flowers, insects, and birds. It was hoped that the "Calendar" would rescue many facts which would find a use at some future day. Even in White's diligent hands little seems to have come of these formal entries. He did, it is true, fill his own copy of the "Naturalist's Calendar" with valuable notes, but it is not the things demanded by Barrington, it is the thoughts of Gilbert White himself which give them all their present interest. Any book of blank paper would have done just as well for a vehicle. In natural history and meteorology mere facts are cheap as summer dust; we want not heaps of crude facts, but facts arranged and interpreted, questions and the answers to questions. From Bacon's time to ours sanguine men have vainly hoped that records of occurrence, bald notes of time and place, and so forth, would furnish valuable material to the future worker. But the fruits of such labors have not answered expectation; perhaps we might say that there were no fruits at all, or at least that they were never gathered in. Real scientific investigators have not troubled the dusty piles of records and statistics; they have trusted to fresh and living experience. After nearly a century and a half, crowded with unavailing labors, we may claim to be wiser in some particulars than Barrington and White; we can see better than was then possible which of their schemes were hopeful and which hopeless. It is now time to recognize that the mechanical exploration of nature is barren. Nothing has come or will come (as Biot long ago declared) of systematic observations made without special object by men who record with busy pen but unreflecting mind.

Dr. Richard Chandler (1738-1810), to whose learning and diligence White's account of the antiquities of Selborne owes so much, was first made widely known by his description of the Oxford marbles (*Marmora Oxoniensia*, 1763). He was afterwards sent with two companions by the Society of Dil-

ettanti to visit Asia Minor, and procure drawings of ancient monuments and inscriptions. After two years of exploration Chandler returned to England, and published the materials collected in a series of volumes ("Ionian Antiquities," 1769; "Inscriptiones Antiquæ," 1774; "Travels in Asia Minor," 1775; "Travels in Greece," 1776). In 1779 he was presented by his college (Magdalen) to the livings of East Worldham and West Tisted, and thus became for a few years neighbor to Gilbert White. In 1800 he removed to Tilehurst, near Reading, where he died. His life of W. Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, was published posthumously in 1811.

In 1767 White seems to have met Pennant in London, and to have held conversation with him on natural history. Pennant encouraged White to send him notes, and at length a correspondence was begun, which was the germ of the "History of Selborne." Both Pennant and Barrington favored, if they did not originate, the notion of an account of natural history of the parish. In 1774 and 1775 White sent to the Royal Society his account of the swallows and swifts,\* and this formed a substantial instalment of the projected history. He carried out the work of collection and revision in an extremely leisurely way, and the "History" did not appear till 1789.

White died after a short illness in 1793, and was buried in Selborne churchyard, to the north of the chancel, where his gravestone, inscribed "G. W., June 26, 1793," may still be seen.

In person White was small, only five feet three inches high, and was described by one who knew him well † as of spare form and remarkably upright carriage. He would never sit for his portrait. Even in middle life he had to complain of "the infirmities of a deaf man," but his sight was particularly good up to old age. In his younger days he had been a sportsman. All his life he was fond of music,

\* "Phil. Trans.," vols. lxiiv., p. 106, lxx., p. 252.

† His nephew, the Rev. Francis White, in Bell's memoir.

though he neither played nor sang. Tradition and his own writings preserve a tolerable picture of his character. We cannot fail to remark his old-fashioned courtesy, his good humor, his liberality to all about him, his care about small things, and his exactness in relation. We are told of his many Christmas presents to his parishioners, of his paying for the schooling of poor children, of the indulgence which he showed to old servants. His nephew thought that he particularly excelled in addressing his poor neighbors, and making them feel that he was their friend.

No explanation of the merit of the "Natural History of Selborne" can be at all adequate which does not dwell upon the reality and truth of White's descriptions. His personal knowledge of nature was great, not in relation to the knowledge accumulated in books, but in comparison with the direct experience of most other naturalists of any age. Here is one great difference between him and the imitators who have hoped to succeed by mere picturesque writing. White is interesting because nature is interesting; his descriptions are founded upon natural fact, exactly observed and sagaciously interpreted. Very few of his observations and not many of his inferences need correction more than a hundred years after his death.

Then there is the human interest of the "History"! What White calls his "anecdotes," his pieces of unpublished information, had rested in his mind for years, and grown warm there. Some of them had already been related to more than one correspondent, and the best way of telling the story had been found out by repeated trial. The book bears witness to White's love of all that bears upon the daily life of men. The agricultural value of the different soils of Selborne, the means of subsistence of the poor of the parish, deer-stealing, the long, shining fly that lays its eggs in bacon drying in the chimneys, the making of rushlights, the causes of leprosy and its cure by improved food and cleanliness, the injury done to garden shrubs by repeated

freezing and thawing and the way to prevent it—these and other homely practical topics occupy White as pleasantly as song-birds or curious insects.

White now and then foresaw the importance of inquiries which had not as yet been instituted. See, for instance, what he says about the knowledge of noxious insects (Letter XXXIV. to Pennant), about the improvement of pastures by means of the study of grasses (Letter XL. to Barrington), and his recognition of the effect of earthworms on the fertility of soils (Letter XXXV. to Barrington). He does not, it is true, expressly remark that earthworms, by perpetually bringing up earth from below and depositing it on the surface of the land, cause stones and other objects to sink into the ground. The full importance of their operations and the exact manner in which they are carried out was left to be set forth by Charles Darwin, one of those "inquisitive and discerning persons" whom White longed to set working upon the economy of the earthworm.

Mr. Warde Fowler\* gives White credit for being the first, so far as he knows, to notice protective resemblance, which has since become so fruitful a study. In Letter XVI. (April 18, 1768) White gives the following description of the stone curlew: "The young run immediately from the egg, like partridges, etc., and are withdrawn to some flinty field by the dam, where they skulk among the stones, which are their best security; for their feathers are so exactly of the color of our gray spotted flints that the most exact observer, unless he catches the eye of the young bird, may be eluded." It is very singular that White's friend, whom he calls "a man of observation and good sense, but no naturalist," John Woods of Chilgrove, near Chichester,† should give the same account of the stone curlew in much the same words (Letter XXXIII., November 26, 1770). "They breed on fallows and layfields abounding with gray mossy flints, which much resemble their

\* "Summer Studies of Birds and Books," p. 217.

† John Woods was brother to Henry Woods, who married Gilbert White's sister Rebecca.

young in colour, among which they skulk and conceal themselves." The date of Woods's observation cannot be ascertained; he quotes from his own "Naturalist's Journal." The mere documentary evidence fails to show whether the words are those of White or Woods, but we can hardly doubt that it was really White who hit upon this capital observation, worthy of the best passages in the "History of Selborne."

White's almost total lack of ambition enhances, as it happens, the literary quality of his "History." There is none of the bustle of the man who carries on a wide correspondence, none of the hurry and excitement of the discoverer who fears to be forestalled. I can find no indication that White ever left England, and his travels were confined, for all that we know, to the southern and central counties. He visited Devonshire in 1750. In one place he speaks of having seen Eldon Hole in Derbyshire, but he has not been traced further north. Nor did he greatly enlarge his knowledge of the world by books. I have met with no proof that he was in the habit of reading any modern foreign language. Selborne was to White a kind of Robinson Crusoe's island, which comprehended within itself all his daily interests. Whatever a pair of particularly quick eyes could discover there is set down for us, but the outer world, though not shut out, is seen only on the horizon. We have glimpses of London smoke and Oxford spires; letters come in now and then from distant parts of the country, but there is no distraction or complication. All White's letters breathe the same air and reflect one mind.

While Gilbert White was penning letters at Selborne, Horace Walpole was penning letters at Strawberry Hill. Walpole's life overlaps White's a little at both ends. How totally unlike are the two collections—unlike in bulk, in style, and in the topics chosen! They might have been written in different centuries. That Walpole cares nothing for natural history is easy to understand, but it is singular that White

should care so little for what was passing in the outer world. Not only the fashionable circles, which were so much to Horace Walpole, but the conquest of Canada, the conquest of India, and the loss of the American colonies are at most barely mentioned in any letter of his. The French Revolution does indeed suggest a remark or two in his letters to Marsham, but White gets back immediately to the wet fallows and the woodpeckers. I do not know that he ever names Chatham or William Pitt, Clive, Warren Hastings, Burke, or John Wesley.\* Gibbon is mentioned once or twice as a Hampshire gentleman, who is about to publish a work on the later Roman Empire. It is an element in the rustic charm of the "History" that White's attention was perpetually fixed upon one narrow spot of English ground.

White was a man of few books and of no great range of thought. His mind was a lens exquisite in definition, but of small field. When it was truly focused upon any object, it revealed many details which escape the ordinary observer. He not only saw well, but described well, rapidly gathering round the point of interest all the illustrative facts which his experience yielded. At such times White is at his very best—modern, anticipatory, and scientific. Outside this small field of clear light there naturally existed a hazy region of imperfectly apprehended facts and notions. The existence of such a region of half-knowledge is not remarkable; it is probably to be found in every mind; what distinguished White was the exceptional clearness and the narrow compass of the illuminated tract. In the "Natural History of Selborne" we pass from a passage which is forever memorable in biology, and there are many such, to discussions in which we feel that his mind was only half awake, that he was merely giving out the teaching of his own age. Of this kind are his meditations on physico-theology, reflections of the not very vigorous thought of Ray and Derham. Like them, and like most

\* This statement will very likely require modification if more of White's letters should appear in print.



English and German naturalists of the eighteenth century, White multiplies instances of natural contrivance, but ignores all the difficult cases.

I have noticed a few of the special features of the "Natural History of Selborne," but no analysis can fully explain its peculiar charm. There is genius in the book, which makes things forever memorable which another might have attempted to tell without ever catching our attention. Think of the common man's tiresome details of the weather which he has known in past years, and then recollect Gilbert White's account of his great frosts, his hot summers, and his thunderstorms. Of all English books on natural history

this has been most read and most enjoyed. Learned and simple, practical and contemplative, working naturalists and poets—all find in Gilbert White an author to their taste. Probably no book in any language has incited more people to take up the study of natural history. Many have tried to write letters on White's plan, but their eyes were not so good as his; they failed to pick out the points of real interest, and they had no Selbornes to describe. By the use of natural gifts exactly suited to the task a man who was sagacious rather than profound, and well-read rather than learned, wrote us a book which will endure forever, a small thing perfectly done.

## "Esmond" and "Les Rois en Exil"

By EMILY STONE WHITELEY

EVERY one has been re-reading Daudet and Thackeray lately, and while "Les Rois en Exil" and "Henry Esmond" are lying side by side on the table, it may not be uninteresting to note that these two masterpieces have in several points a strong resemblance to each other.

In the latter part of "Henry Esmond" Thackeray draws the picture of a throneless prince of royalty fallen from his high estate and stripped of the divinity that doth hedge a king. The same shabby, inglorious spectacle is presented in Daudet's exiled king, and his Christian II. of Illyria might be the son of Thackeray's Pretender. Each is slender and distinguished in person; amiable and gay, and possessed of a mocking wit that knows neither reverence nor discretion. Each laughs at his most devoted followers, at the very men who would save him in spite of himself. Earnestness is ridiculous to these insouciant princes, and Christian II. draws caricatures of the Duke of Rosen and dubs him *le Courtisan du Malheur*, while the Pretender nicknames Henry Esmond *le marquis Misanthrope*. Each falls in love with the first pretty woman he sees, and neither

resists for a moment a passion which attacks the honor of his best friend. The King of Illyria seduces the wife of his faithful aide-de-camp, and the Pretender betrays the hospitality of the Esmonds, who stake their lives and fortunes in his service, by making love to Beatrix. Daudet makes lack of will-power the chief characteristic of his exiled king, just as Thackeray endows his Pretender with that most unking-like weakness. But Daudet, writing in republican France, brings his representative of royalty much lower than Thackeray brings his vain and fickle prince. James Stuart had some kingly feelings, some moments of fine nobility. The King of Illyria is the end of royalty, the Pretender is only the beginning of the end. In "Les Rois en Exil" it seems indeed that "God is no longer on the side of kings," while in the English novel it appears merely that some princes are not fit to reign.

The plots of the two stories are so constructed that Christian II. and James Stuart are placed in very similar positions. To King and to Prince an opportunity to gain his throne is offered; to each, in a fateful moment, temp-



tation beckons, and each yields. Christian II. spends twenty-four hours at Fontainebleau with Séphora instead of speeding on to Marseilles to join his little army. The Pretender gives his friends the slip and follows Beatrix to Castlewood, when he should be patiently awaiting the crisis in London. The King of Illyria proceeds on his journey a day too late, the French Government and the Illyrian Republic have been informed, the King is arrested, his brave supporters led into a trap, and the throne is lost again. The same punishment falls upon the English Prince. The fateful moment comes more quickly than he had expected. The Queen lies at the point of death, his friends meet and are ready to escort him to the palace, but "there can be no game, when there is no one to play it." When he arrives in London it is too late, his enemies have everything in their hands, and he hears the heralds proclaim George I. King of England.

In another, perhaps insignificant detail, the plots of the two novels are oddly alike. Both Lady Castlewood and the Queen of Illyria are placed on such high pinnacles of virtue and dignity that the devotion of a lover could never reach, in the ordinary course of things, to their serene altitudes. To bring them together a common interest was necessary, and it is over the school-books of the little Prince that the eyes of the Queen of Illyria meet the worshipping eyes of Méraut, and it is in the long, pleasant hours of Frank's lessons that Lady Castlewood is silently courted by Esmond. These two lonely women had need of friendship. The sweet intellectual companionship seemed innocent and impersonal, and love crept into their hearts unawares.

Lady Castlewood is one of the most complex characters Thackeray ever drew. There is something unreasonable and mysterious about her that takes her out of the world of fiction

and places her among the living. She is full of contradictions and surprises. She cannot be reduced to a formula, and it seems strange to meet with another woman resembling such a fine and individual creation. The Queen of Illyria is more simple and more classic than Thackeray's heroine, but she is made of the same union of snow and fire. The subtle likeness between these two women, both so pure and so proud, so tender and so unrelenting, is shown vividly when for a moment anguish drags aside the mask and lays bare the very depths of the heart.

It was in such a moment that Lady Castlewood visited Henry Esmond in prison, and it was in such a moment that the Queen of Illyria lifted from the ground her wounded child.

Lady Castlewood knew she had loved Henry Esmond, and when Lord Castlewood was killed by Lord Mohun, she charged herself and Henry with his murder, and with cruel, unjust words wrung the heart of the man she loved and drove him from her. So the Queen of Illyria, when she saw her child stretched upon the ground, was in a moment filled with bitter self-reproach. She had received in her heart the love of Méraut, and here was her punishment! Rage against herself and against the man who had caused her weakness seized her. "*Va-t-en, va-t-en! Que je ne te revoie jamais, lui cria-t-elle avec un regard terrible.*"

When trouble came upon these two women, each with a passionate scorn of plain fact held it to be a divine vengeance for the secret sin of her heart, and each turned cruelly upon the man whom she loved, punishing herself through him.

It is strange that both Thackeray and Daudet, when penetrating into the depths of a pure woman's heart, should have found there the same thing—a fierce hatred of love when love is a source of weakness.



## Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA:

That genial song-writer who longed for "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall" would rub his eyes if he could revisit these glimpses of the moon and learn of the fate of the sweet shady side of Piccadilly. For it seems that a king cannot nowadays be crowned without ruining the most beautiful thoroughfare in his capital. I remember a parable of Victor Hugo's, in which he saw some birds drinking from the water that had collected in the crown of a king's statue at Tours, and therein found one justification of monarchy. But how would he write, on the other side, could he witness the destruction of trees which the widening of Piccadilly for the Coronation will involve! Putting the scheme on the ground of pure expediency, why should Piccadilly be widened between Devonshire House and Hyde Park Corner? That happens to be precisely the part where it is wide enough, and if it is not also widened at Washington House, there will be a continual crush there, which will perpetually disorganize the traffic between that point and the Circus.

If the Board of Works and the County Council really wish to give London a Coronation gift worth having, let them meditate upon the wisdom of making raised footways for passengers and more subterraneous crossings at dangerous points. These are what we need. While on this subject I may remark that one of the papers contains a significant letter on the tyranny of wheels—referring to the arrogance that even the meekest men put on directly they are mounted on or between wheels.

I am sure—he says—we shall never be safe or tranquil in the highways until we have hanged some eminent wheeler. Mr. Chamberlain does n't bike, but Mr. Balfour motors; and something must be done, for, if it is true, as Henry George assured us, that a ring of all the landowners would have the power to expel all the inhabitants of this country, how much more certain it is that a vast combination of wheels could confine all the pedestrians to their homes.

The particular triumph of wheels during the past month has been the bicycle race from Paris to Brest and back, which was won by Garin, who covered seven hundred and fifty miles in fifty-two hours. On the way he ate sixty eggs—a great advertisement for hens.

From France comes a splendid new invention—the antiphone. This consists of a half hoop of slender steel, with pads at each end, to be placed in the ears to keep out sound. You put them on in all places where you are exposed to noise: on the underground, at At Homes, at the opera on a Wagner night, in Parliament during a Colonial debate, while reading "The Eternal City," and so forth. Mr. Herbert Spencer has, I believe, used the appliance for years; but the *Matin* hails it as a discovery.

Holiday correspondents are now the only people who are busy. No sooner does August come than they run to their desks, dip their pens in ink, and begin to set the universe right. The principal problem which they are now worrying is the question, "Is the world growing better or worse?" "In what?" is the natural comment of the non-ethical man: better for dining in, or reading in, or playing cricket in, or smoking in? Certainly it is better for dining in. Why, I can remember when there were not three decent restaurants in London, and now— But this is being frivolous: the *Daily News* question applies purely to our moral state. Are we more moral, more considerate, more self-denying, more civilized; or less? Perhaps the best answer for the pessimist would be a collection every day of cuttings from the papers. For example, on the morning that the *Daily News* printed one of the most optimistic of these letters, I cut out a neighboring paragraph stating that a negro had just been burned at the stake in Texas, before thousands of spectators, for an offence which white men commit with impunity. I must write to Romeike for a guinea's

worth of "pessimisms" and a guinea's worth of "optimisms," and see which is completed first.

The book of the moment, in so far as notoriety goes, is Mr. Hall Caine's novel, "The Eternal City." Eternal it truly is—for there are more than 270,000 words in it. For the rest, it is a story of love and intrigue and political passion, with a Roman setting, but not a whiff of Roman atmosphere. Rossi, Roma, Bonelli, Bruno, and the Pope, are not a whit more Italian than John Storm, Glory Quayle, or the Deemster. But nowadays our purposeful romancers must go abroad to be impressive. The book is of "The Master Christian" brand, with less fervor to the square inch. It is without indecency; and one wonders what the readers of Messrs. Pearson's prudish periodical are made of. The lawsuit between Messrs. Pearson and Mr. Caine will reveal the mysterious objection. Meanwhile, the profits of the publisher of the novel are not in danger of suffering.

As a kind of antidote to "The Eternal City," Mr. Heinemann has also published "John Henry." "John Henry" is a little book—a homœopathic remedy. But I do not recommend it to any but the strongest heads, for it is written in American slang. English slang one can keep a hand on; it is conditioned more or less; but American slang obeys no laws. Each book sends one gasping for a new glossary. Try this:

Then Abie pushes a lovely smile over in the direction of my lady friend, but it does n't land because she's busy behind the bill of fare.

After a while Abie notices that it's up to him to fondle a fierce frost, so he backs out.

"Who's your friend?" inquires Clara Jane, after Abie had moseyed away.

Now, you know, a fellow can't confess to the Original Package of Sweetness that he's entered in the same race with a lot of \$3 goats.

On the level, now, can he?

It was my cue to make a Big Play. I had to get gabby and make Clara Jane believe I associated only with Torrid Tamales.

And did I? Oh! ask me easy just to tease me!

"Who! that?" I says, after I fished for a few French-fried potatoes; "why, that's Lord Hope."

America, however, is not entirely given up to the elucidation of such problems. One very good book has reached me entitled "A Journey to Nature," which describes the life in the woods, of a New York business man who was threatened with sudden death if he did not at once rest. His experiences are delightfully told, and they make one long for a similar doctor and opportunities. A new English book, in which the return to nature (with culture) is also described and advocated, is the very neat little volume entitled "Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels," by F. W. Bockett, wherein Londoners may learn how easily they can get to the country of Jane Austen and George Eliot, Charles Lamb and Charles Kingsley, and many others, among them Mr. Conan Doyle, at Haslemere. This gentleman, by the way, must now be at ease in his mind again, since the tour of the South African cricketeers is over. Sherlock Holmes, I might remark, has just made his reappearance in the *Strand Magazine*. We are also to have him on the stage of the Lyceum, as played by Mr. William Gillette.

Other new novels include Anthony Hope's latest, "Tristram of Blent," which becomes in book form much more companionable than in the imposing pages of the *Monthly Review*, and indicates that, if he liked to give himself time, he might make a novel that would last longer than the trifling interval between it and its successor. A very happy, genial story is "Marable's Magnificent Idea," by F. C. Constable. Among more serious literature is Mr. Poultney Bigelow's "Children of the Nations," the narrative of the beginnings of the various peoples. Mr. Bigelow's reflections upon the Boers are not likely to meet with general approval. He thinks rather too well of them. Mr. Bigelow offers this parallel and prophecy:

In a rough way his [the Boer's] case bears analogy to that of the strange community of English Boers who with a peculiar religion, hardy constitutions, and boundless ignorance, penetrated the American desert and created a splendid isolation

for themselves in Utah. These people asked no favour of the United States, save to be let alone. . . . But precious metals were discovered in their neighbourhood, the New England Yankee knocked at the Mormon gate; he was refused admission, so he went in without. The fight commenced, and now the Mormon figures in American political life just as any other white man, no more and no less. The Mormon had thought himself as strong, physically, as he conceived himself to be theologically infallible. When his mistake was demonstrated, he conformed to the new order of things; and so will the Boers.

These last words should hearten Mr. Chamberlain, whose Maltese terrier, I understand, is just beginning to bark in English. By the way, the last list of honors (unofficial) contains this announcement:

*Mr. Chamberlain: Maltese (very) Cross.*

One word more about the Boers. Mr. Dooley has been commenting upon the Proclamation in his best vein. This is his translation of it:

Lord Kitchener wrote th' notice. He's a good writer. "Ladies an' Gintlemen," he says, "this war as a war is now over. Ye may not know it, but it's so. Ye've broke th' rules, an' we give th' fight to ourselves on a foul. Th' first principle iv a war agin England is that th' inimy shall wear r-red or purple coats with black marks fr' to indicate the location iv vital organs be day an' a locomotive headlight be night. They shall thin gather within aisy range an' at th' wurrud 'Fire!' shall fall down dead. Anny remainin' standin' afterward will be considered as spies. Shootin' back is not allowed be th' rules, an' is severely discountenanced be our ladin' military authorities. Anny attempt at concealment is treachery. Th' scand'lous habit iv pluggin' our gallant sojers from behind rocks an' trees is a breach iv internaytional law. Rethreatin' when pursooed is wan iv our copyrighted manoevers, an' an' infringmints will be prosecuted. At a wurrud fr'm us th' war is over an' we own ye'er country."

But if I quote any more I shall be called to the Bar of the House.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, September, 1901.

## The Book-Buyer's Guide

*The reviews in this department of THE CRITIC, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Gerald Stanley Lee, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Jr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffiths, and the editors.*

### ART

**Steinmann—Botticelli.** By Ernst Steinmann. With 90 Illustrations from Paintings and Drawings. Translated by Campbell Dodgson. Monographs on Artists, No. VI. (Velhagen and Klasing, Leipzig; Lemcke and Beuchner, New York, \$1.50.)

Although there must always remain much that is dim and legendary in the life of Sandro Botticelli, Herr Steinmann has succeeded in writing a monograph which is both explicit and suggestive. The light-hearted youth, the ineffably spiritual artist, and the solitary old man exert their influence through an interpretation which is everywhere marked by sound knowledge and uncommon poetic sympathy. The picture of Renaissance Florence which Herr Steinmann draws, is rich and varied in coloring, and the changes wrought over the spirit of Botticelli by Dante and by Savonarola accord with the best

results of modern criticism. Taken from each point of view,—whether of letter-press or of illustration,—the present study is a welcome tribute to the memory of the gentle, mystical Florentine of whom a youth asked:

"Sandro, where seest thou the faces of thine angels?" and who replied:

"I see them in my soul."

**Sturgis—A Dictionary of Architecture and Building: Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive.** By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., and other expert writers. In three volumes. Illustrated. Vol. II., F-N. Macmillan. \$18.00

With the completion of its second volume, this work assumes even more important and significant outlines and affords a still broader opportunity for the random or consecutive study of specific subjects. The same admirable qualities which distinguished the



initial issue, as well as the same lacune and shortcomings, are here manifest. As before, the brief papers on the architecture of various countries are among the most interesting features of the work, while, as formerly, the definitions are often inadequate; take, for instance, the perfunctory note on "Kremlin." Mr. Sturgis contributes, as usual, the greater portion of the purely technical text, and Mr. Edward R. Smith's biographical notes cover a wide range, with welcome accuracy and conciseness.

## BELLES LETTRES

**Brandes—Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature.** By Georg Brandes. In six Volumes. Vol. I., "The Emigrant Literature." Macmillan, \$2.50

Those who have shared the privilege of long and close acquaintance with Dr. Brandes's writings, or the even greater joy of attending his *conférences*, will here find much material which is already familiar. For the large body of readers, both Continental and American, these lucid, stimulating pages, every one of which is illumined by the clearest insight and the aptest exposition, will come as something wholly new and welcome. In the breadth of his culture, the range of his scholarship, and the soundness of his deductions, whether æsthetic or psychological, Dr. Brandes has no superior in the field of interpretative criticism. M. Brunetière, in France, and M. Michailovsky, in Russia, form rough parallels, but neither of them covers Dr. Brandes's special province. In his introductory note, Dr. Brandes explains and justifies the title of his initial volume, and then proceeds through chapters on Chateaubriand, Rousseau, "Werther," Nodier, Mme. de Staël, Barante, and allied subjects, to trace the influence of the *émigré* on the early development of nineteenth century literature. Though they suggest a wide and diverse field, these names are linked together by the inevitable logic of clear-headed and never academic criticism. Particularly engaging are the pages devoted to "Werther" and the short study in æsthetics entitled, "New Conception of the Antique." The entire book reflects the charm, flexibility, and sanity which English readers have already found in Dr. Brandes's critical study on Shakespeare; and the series when complete should do much to further cis-Atlantic interest in a man who will perhaps some day rank beside Bielinsky and Taine. A word of praise is merited for the English version of these essays, which is everywhere marked by concision and by fidelity to the original idiom. The translator's name might well appear on the title-page.

**Clarke—Highways and Byways of Music.** By Hugh A. Clarke, Mus. Doc. Silver, Burdett & Co., 75 cts.

A little book of six essays, concerning some musical myths, some facts in the growth of music, literary men and music, some curiosities of musical history, the Teutonic element in music, and modern tendencies. Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, and George Eliot had technical knowledge and appreciation of music, Dr. Clarke says, and there is only one great novel with a flesh-and-blood musician in it—Klesmer in "Daniel Deronda." The musicians in "Consuelo" and "Charles Auchester" he pronounces impossible. Has it come to this? Must we give up that beautiful theory that the violin is the violet, as we read in "Charles Auchester"? Dr. Clarke lacks imagination occasionally. Does any-

one really suppose that a literary man, in writing of the music of birds, of winds, and of waters, speaks otherwise than metaphorically? The book is anecdotal and very readable.

**Vincent—The French Academy.** By Leon H. Vincent. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 75c.

Readers who enjoy the urbane, the superficial, and the learned in combination, will enjoy this little book of 159 pages on the French Academy. The history of the Academy, from its earliest days, when it was not an Academy, but a handful of congenial souls, is given in simple, precise fashion. Anecdotes vary the monotony of learning. And the bibliographical appendix preserves the balance of authority. Altogether it is a book that is significant of the time in which and for which it was written even more than of the time with which it deals.

## FICTION.

**Anthony—A Victim of Circumstances.** By Geraldine Anthony. Harper, \$1.50.

"A Victim of Circumstances" has many good qualities and one damning one.

It is a careful study of life; the characters are well drawn. There is quite a little atmosphere. But painstaking conscientious books like painstaking conscientious people are often dull. And in spite of its many good features that render it more worth while than many books of the day, "A Victim of Circumstances" is dull.

It requires rather more strained attention than the average novel reader cares to give to find out who is who among the many cousins that crowd the pages of Miss Anthony's book. The rather fantastic nicknames complicate matters still further. The book is well put together and except for the absurd "duel" constant, there are many pleasant pictures of American life. The indomitable old lady who governs her family with an iron hand is cleverly drawn. In fact, a "Victim of Circumstances" has about all the graces but the saving one.

**Belden—Antonia.** By Jessie van Zile Belden. Illustrated by Amy M. Sacker. Page, \$1.50.

Miss Sacker's frontispiece gives little idea of the lithe, slender, dark-eyed Spanish woman who is the heroine of Mrs. Belden's story, "Antonia." She looks rather like one of the thickest blonde girls on their way to New Amsterdam, whom we are told she did not resemble. Love is, perhaps, more predominant in this story than in most historical novels. The background is the Hudson, with its three cities, New Amsterdam, Rensselaerswyck, and Schonowe, during the sway of the Dutch West India Company, but the haughty, capricious, yet loving Antonia and her brave, humble lover are never subservient to mere historical details.

**Benson—The Luck of the Vails.** By E. F. Benson. Appleton, \$1.50.

By another strong effort of will, Mr. Benson has produced one more novel concerning modern English life. However frothy the matter of his books may be, the manner is satisfactory. There is no pausing by the wayside to gaze at the moon. The point is to get on as rapidly as possible, and with as much interest and sparing of nerves as is compatible with downright thrills.

**Burnham—Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip.** By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.

The belated romance of a New England spinster, who took her wedding journey with her old lover's daughter. Their wanderings include Oberammergau during the Passion Play. The point of view is ludicrously old-maidish, as it should be.

**Colton—The Delectable Mountains.** By Arthur Colton. Scribner, \$1.50.

Mr. Colton's name is not unfamiliar to magazine readers, but it appears now for the first time on a book. His short stories have won the admiration of the expert, and grouped—a selected dozen of them—in a little volume, they confirm and strengthen the impression of a very individual talent. Observation, reflection, feeling are patent in every one of them.

**Conder—The Seal of Silence.** By Arthur R. Conder. Appleton, \$1.00.

A rather melodramatic story of English life by the late son of the Rev. Dr. Conder, of Leeds. It shows a keen sense of humor, strong power of observation, and it is written with literary charm. The character drawing is particularly good.

**Corvo—In His Own Image.** By Frederick Baron Corvo. Lane, \$1.50.

Some of these stories of Italian life have appeared in the "Yellow Book." Taken separately, they are entertaining. Read consecutively, there is somewhat too much of the religious element in them. They are poetical and in parts undoubtedly clever.

**Dix—The Making of Christopher Ferringham.** By Beulah Marie Dix. Macmillan, \$1.50.

A story of piracy and mutiny, well written and more than ordinarily good. The literary tone of the book is quite different from the novels of adventure to which we have been accustomed of late.

**Farquhar—The Devil's Plough: The Romantic History of a Soul Conflict.** By Anna Farquhar. With a Frontispiece in color by Frank T. Merrill. Page, \$1.50.

The soul that had the conflict was Gaston L'Arctanges, the celebrated preacher of Paris during the time of Anne of Austria and Mazarin, whose atmosphere made work for the devil's plough. The Hotel Rambouillet and the Jesuit order are described. The material is good, but it is not always well ordered. There is an impression of incoherency.

**Flandrau—The Diary of a Freshman.** By Charles Maccomb Flandrau. Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

As a book to drive away the dulllest of dull care, "The Diary of a Freshman" is urgently recommended. Its humor is irresistibly funny, whether the reader knows the Square, the yard, Mariave's, and college life or not. "Duggie" Sherwin is one of the best types that Harvard turns out, the all-around man, who is athlete and student at the same time.

**Fowler—Sirius.** By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Appleton, \$1.50.

Miss Fowler's second book of short stories is no more promising than her first. The epigrams are here, but they are a mere echo of the author's former

brilliant achievements. The plots of the twenty-one stories are either thin or impossible, and not cleverly so, as in her novel, "The Double Thread."

**Hancock—Henry Bourland: The Passing of the Cavalier.** By Albert Elmer Hancock. Illustrated. Macmillan, \$1.50.

The annals of a Virginia family during the Reconstruction period, written by a Northerner who has tried to put himself in sympathy with Southern conditions and sentiments and who has succeeded.

**Holland—Mousmé: A Story of the West and East.** By Clive Holland. Stokes, \$1.50.

A charming sequel to "My Japanese Wife," although complete in itself. The dainty little lady is taken home by her English husband, but such are her awe of her "velly, velly big and large" sister-in-law and her homesickness that "Cy-rell" journeys back with her to the Land of the Cherry Blossom.

**Jókai—The Corsair King.** By Maurus Jókai. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Page, \$1.25.

Within the compass of a few small pages is contained a story of piracy on the high seas that could not well be surpassed in daring. Robert Barthelmy, chief of the crew, is a handsome young fellow with a sweetheart in Hayti, who knows him only as William, hunted down by the bold man from whose hawk-like pursuit she prays each night he may escape. If the agony were piled into a thicker book the strain would be too great. As it is, we are spared.

**Kempster—The Way of the Gods.** By Aquila Kempster. Quail & Warner, \$1.00.

The stories in "The Way of the Gods" are half strenuous, half imaginative. The beliefs of India are embodied by a physician on a hospital corps in stories pertaining in part to the life of the people, in part to army life. They stand out from most short stories, because of their subject-matter and their vividness of style. One of the best is "Out of His Class," the story of a little jade ball supposed to bring luck to its possessor.

**Kennedy—Joscelyn Cheshire: A Story of Revolutionary Days in the Carolinas.** By Sarah Beaumont Kennedy. Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

**Lloyd—A Drone and a Dreamer.** By Nelson Lloyd. Taylor & Co., \$1.50.

A book to buy and read and laugh over, and lend and lend again. It is not an historical novel, nor a problem novel, nor yet a novel with a purpose. It is just a novel, made to entertain, full of fun and cleverness, the kind that can be felt but not described: about Arthur Marcy and two city men who go to a farm at Marcyville in the Pennsylvania Mountains, and encounter Marcy relatives of all degrees and ages, and a pretty girl. The relatives entertain the men (and the reader), the girl attracts both them and a rustic, home-grown lawyer, John Roker, "the most interesting uninteresting person" in the world. Mrs. Shinn's illustrations are capital.

**Love Letters—An Englishman's Love Letters.** Being the missing answers to an Englishwoman's Love Letters. Lovell Book Co., \$1.50.

The impetus given to the publication of love letters

has caused the appearance of these missing answers, which are not love letters at all except for certain beginning and ending paragraphs. They are expressions of opinion, literary and otherwise, some of them quite vulgar, but evidently written with intent to be erotic and therefore popular.

**Ludlow—Deborah: A Tale of the Times of Judas Maccabæus.** By James M. Ludlow. Revell, \$1.50.

The era of the Maccabees was the heroic age of Israel. Then, for a little while, the Jews knew what was national life. Into this heroic age, Dr. Ludlow, like others before him, has been tempted to stray and collect materials and write a story,—yes, and print it too. There's the gravamen! This story is like a barn, where you go inside and see the exposed framework. Besides, there is no interior decoration and the construction is clumsy. Still, a barn is good for its purpose,—and in the divine economy of the universe doubtless the book "Deborah" has a peculiarly fit place. One may take sand and soda, and mix them, but, until fire fuses, they do not make glass. Dr. Ludlow has taken history, archaeology, local color, love, and war, and mixed them, but the light does not shine through. The fire of inspiration is lacking. He can do better, and he will.

The story covers the epoch from the beginning of the struggle of the sons of Mattathias to the reign of Judas. The pharisaic party of that day is lauded by our author, who cannot hint anything sufficiently evil to express his opinion of the morals of the other party. His antitheses are inartistic. Menelaos, Glaucon, Ariochos, Apollonius,—all are set down as degenerates. The only good Greek who appears is Dion, and at the end he turns out to be a Jew. Agatholles is too shadowy to call for consideration. Besides, he is obviously dragged in late in the day to relieve a strained situation. Ben Sirach is another late invention. The blind boy and the lame boy are the most interesting because of their natural and lifelike character. At first they are alive. Toward the end of the story Meph, the lame boy, loses his spontaneity as a character and appears at several times when not needed by the exigencies of the story. It is painful to write these things, for, as Dr. Ludlow makes Judas Maccabæus say (the finest thing in the book!), "But what is justice? God is just, and we—we are only men." Nevertheless, the literary critic is sad when he cannot praise. Yet this he rejoices to be able to say, in a day of tainted fiction,—this novel is morally clean,—so we thank God and take courage.

**Magnusson and Morris—Three Northern Love Stories and Other Tales.** Translated from the Icelandic by Eirikr Magnusson and William Morris. Longmans, \$2.00.

A new edition of a book which first appeared in 1875. The print is bold and the paper good.

**McCarthy—Mononia: A Love Story of 'Forty-eight.** By Justin McCarthy. Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.50.

A long story of young Ireland, which reflects the author's personal acquaintance with the conditions which he describes.

**Post—Dwellers in the Hills.** By Melville D. Post. Putnam, \$1.50.

Mr. Post's story describes the cattle ranges of West

Virginia in experiences and scenes quite new to the average reader. Quiller, the boy narrator who lost his illusions concerning young women, is a likable youngster, and his companions are well differentiated.

**Scollard—The Son of a Tory.** By Clinton Scollard. Badger, \$1.50.

In this narrative of the experiences of Wilton Aubrey in the Mohawk Valley and elsewhere during the summer of 1777, Mr. Scollard treads on ground where Harold Frederic trod so well in his novel, "In the Valley." Aside from the interest of a story relative to New York State history is the fact that the book is small enough to be read through while the mood is on.

**Shiel—The Lord of the Sea.** By M. P. Shiel. Stokes, \$1.50.

A long, unnecessary story purporting to be the deciphered transcriptions of the visions of one Mary Wilson, concerning the Sent-one-of-heaven, who continually runs the cycle of incarnation after incarnation, from hoar old ages until now.

**Wyatt—Every One His Own Way.** By Edith Wyatt. McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.

Here is the champion for whom we long have been waiting, the defender of the commonplace against dyspeptic culture. Her name is Edith Wyatt. Apparently she lives in Chicago. She has written a series of stories called "Every One His Own Way," most of them based on the contrast between the simple, wholesome emotions of the everyday person and the useless snarlings of pretentious critics.

The stories are none the less subtle because of the childlike, naive way in which they are told. The manner is so very simple that it is surprising that it never falls into affectation.

Miss Wyatt makes the occasional mistake of underscoring the moral somewhat heavily, but it is a wholesome one, and the stories should find a sympathetic audience.

**Francis—Pastorals of Dorset.** By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Longmans, \$1.50. The "Pastorals of Dorset" are full of air and sunlight and humor. There is pathos, too, in them; not too much—but enough to make one thankful for his own lot in life and to give flavor to the humor. It is English humor and English pathos and English scenery and English human nature that the book reveals. But human nature, fortunately, is human the world over. There is a great deal of it in Dorset—and elsewhere. One can find but one flaw in the Pastorals made in Dorset. They have a habit of rambling on after they are done. It is an embarrassing habit. If there had been at hand some kindly critic—a brother or sister or husband or cousin—to cut off with ruthless scissors the last page or two of each pastoral as it was finished, they would have gained much in effectiveness and point.

## HISTORY

**Hume—Treason and Plot.** By Martin A. S. Hume. Appleton, \$4.50, net.

Mr. Hume, in consequence of years of study in the English Record office, made necessary by his editorship of the Calendars of Spanish State Papers, is perfectly at home in the politics of the Elizabethan era. He has already given us some of the fruits of his vast knowledge of documentary sources, and to these he now adds this work on the

last ten years of the Virgin Queen's reign. These years had never before been adequately treated. The story unfolded by Mr. Hume, while not of absorbing interest in its details, is important in its broader aspect. These years witnessed the final attempt of Philip II. to gain England over to the Catholic cause. As explained by Mr. Hume, Philip's motives were both religious and political. His desire to check the Protestant tide was due to a great extent to a recognition on his part that Spain's greatness depended on the balance of European power. This monograph is a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the period. While written in a pleasing style, it will hardly reach a wide audience, as the subject is too minutely and too diffusely treated.

**Lane-Poole—A History of Egypt. Vol. VI.:**

**The Middle Ages.** By Stanley Lane-Poole, M. A., Litt. D. Illustrated. Scribner, \$2.25.

The events of nearly nine centuries, from the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens in 640 to its annexation by the Ottoman Turks in 1517, are compressed into this volume of 350 pages. The illustrations include reproductions of coins and glass weights from plaster casts of the originals in the British Museum. The book is scholarly in every particular, as we should expect from the Professor of Arabic at Trinity College, Dublin.

**Sergi—The Mediterranean Race.** By G. Sergi. Scribner, \$1.50.

The statement of a famous French historian, Fustel de Coulanges, that history is, above all things, a question of origins, testifies to the absorbing interest that such investigations have for the human mind. We all should like to know what were the beginnings, for perhaps then we might be able to see the end. Such a question of paramount interest has been the origin of the people inhabiting Europe at present. As soon as language began to be studied scientifically, it was seen that there were a number of roots common to all the European languages, and that all these roots appeared in Sanskrit. Hence it was argued that the point of dispersion from which all the European peoples came was in Asia. Thus grew up the well-known Aryan or Indo-Germanic theory of the origin of Europe's population. From the study of the language roots there was even written an account of the civilization of these primitive Aryans, the forefathers of all the European nations. This was the generally-accepted theory only a decade ago. When anthropologists began to work on this same question, many facts developed at variance with the accepted view. It was also recognized that while the testimony of language was of value, still it was in its very nature only circumstantial and hence not conclusive. The facts of anthropology, the measurements of skulls, on the other hand, were absolute, and the date of a tomb could be accurately enough determined by geological and sociological data. Hence the Aryan theory was deposed from its seat of unquestioned sway. Many new theories as to the origin of the European peoples were evolved, but to no one of them is it possible to give that unquestioning adherence which the world ten years ago gave to the Aryan theory. The question is a complicated one; the evidence is scanty and often contradictory. Prof. Sergi, the well-known anthropologist of Rome, now gives English readers the result of his studies on this interesting question. After an exhaustive study of the skulls found in primitive graves, he concludes that the entire population of

Europe in neolithic times was African in origin. Of this great African stock there developed three branches: one African, remaining in the continent whose name it bears; one Mediterranean, occupying the lands bordering on that sea; and the other Nordic, having penetrated to the north of Europe. This race, of which these three are branches, he calls "Eurafrican," and maintains that it still occupies a large portion of Europe and Africa. This Eurafrican race is entirely distinct from the Aryan or Eurasian species, as is shown by the different physical characters of their skeletons. The primitive civilization of Europe was Eurafrican not Aryan, and from this civilization developed those of Greece and Rome. These are Prof. Sergi's main theses, and while not absolutely conclusive, they are of great interest. Conclusions in a field so remote and so lacking in evidence are at best only conjectures, and all that we can expect from the scientist is an unbiased study of the available material. This, Prof. Sergi has given us. His views will be regarded as revolutionary by some; it will stimulate the imagination of all by showing what human ingenuity can do in casting some light on events of thousands of years ago.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

**Bigelow—The Children of the Nations.** By Poultney Bigelow, M. A. McClure, Phillips & Co.

This book is in Mr. Bigelow's characteristic style, buoyant, fresh, and lively. It is an interesting account of the colonial experiments of the various nations, and is to a great extent based on personal observation. It is difficult to classify the work, for it is neither a systematic description, nor is it a treatise on colonization. It is best described as a book of travel, with the serious purpose of pointing out the means by which colonial expansion can be a healthy factor in a nation's development. It is equally difficult to criticize the work, for just as one is about to throw it aside on account of a worthless chapter full of flippancies and trivialities, one meets another chapter full of valuable information and well-considered reflections. In general, it may be said that the tone of the book is healthy and that it will serve to cheer those who are despondent about the future of our country.

**Century—The Progress of the Century.** Harper, \$2.50.

This book is a collection of a series of essays, originally published in one of the New York daily newspapers, showing what the nineteenth century had accomplished in evolution, chemistry, archaeology, astronomy, philosophy, medicine, surgery, electricity, physics, war, naval ships, literature, engineering, and religion, thus celebrating the end of the old and the beginning of the new century. The writers of these essays are all men eminent in their respective branches of work, and among them are men such as Wallace, Flinders Petrie, Sir Charles Dilke, Mahan, and Goldwin Smith. The essays, while not naturally of equal value, are all worthy of this more permanent form. The main criticism that suggests itself is that many important subjects, whose progress was marked in the nineteenth century, are not treated at all. Political economy, sociology, history, philology, among many others, have been entirely neglected. Passing over this defect, too much cannot be said in praise of the book as a whole. To read it is to a certain extent



an education in itself. It is a book which no well-educated person should miss. It broadens one's vision, and stimulates one's mind, by bringing home to every one his own intellectual limitations, his inability to cover in any degree whatever the entire field of knowledge.

## Congress—Publications of the Library of Congress.

(I.) "A Calendar of Washington Manuscripts in the Library of Congress." Compiled under the Direction of Herbert Friedenwald, Ph.D. (II.)—"A Union List of Periodicals, Transactions, and Allied Publications Currently Received in the Principal Libraries of the District of Columbia." Compiled under the Direction of A. P. C. Griffin, Chief of Division of Bibliography. (III.) "A Check List of American Newspapers in the Library of Congress." Compiled under the Direction of Allan B. Slauson, Chief of Periodical Division. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

**Cotes—The Crow's-Nest.** By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan.) Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.

Elizabeth in her garden will have many things to answer for when the last literary reckoning comes. Because of her and her book, gardens have sprung up all over the world—with lone, lorn women in them scribbling their thoughts—or what they think are their thoughts—for dear life. The latest one, "The Crow's-Nest," is a tiny strip of land clinging to the side of a precipice in Simla, on a mountain top of the Himalayas. The writer, Mrs. Cotes—better known as Sara Jeannette Duncan—is stranded in this garden. Otherwise, we have her frank assurance, she would not be there. She much prefers to be where people are—in houses, on railway trains, in omnibusses, and hacks. And we—to speak the truth—much prefer her among people. Her racy comments on human nature are among the good things of life. Her meditations on nature—as she strives conscientiously to rise to the occasion—seem to creak with effort. She is persistently humorous. It affects the reader at last after the manner of a challenge. The muscles of the cheek begin to stiffen. They refuse to work. Not even the author's facility in turning on herself—making fun of her own jokes—can relieve the dead monotony of humor. One could well wish that Mrs. Cotes had not been driven to take refuge in a garden, or that, once there, it had not occurred to her to "earn a living by looking carefully into the back of her head for foolish things to write about a garden."

**Hobson—The Social Problem.** By J. A. Hobson. Pott & Co., \$2, net.

Mr. Hobson has framed an elaborate and closely-reasoned indictment against political economy on the ground that it is unable to solve the social problem. It seemingly has never occurred to him to inquire if political economy as a science is called upon to solve any such problem. Political economy tries to find the laws of economic life in the same way as biology investigates the laws of organic development. It explains the development of economic relations, and shows why society in an economic sense is constituted as it is. The economist may have some utopian ideal of social and economic conditions to which he would like actual society to conform, but he can no more show us how to do this than the biologist can show us how to acquire wings and fins. It would be very nice

to be able to fly with the birds and to swim with the fish, and it would be very nice if every man could satisfy all his highest economic wants, but just as biology cannot accomplish the one, so political economy cannot accomplish the other. Political economy can complacently plead quietly to Hobson's indictment. The constructive part of Hobson's work is one of those half-ruled socialistic attempts to reconstruct society on an ideal basis. He would accomplish in a week what nature, if willing, will take centuries to do. *Natura non agit per saltus*. Such works, even though as conscientiously written, and as carefully thought out as this one, lead to no direct practical results. Indirectly, they do good, in keeping alive within every one the ingrained feeling of discontent, and the desire to bring actual society more in harmony with one's subjective view of what it ought to be. In a word, such books serve to keep alive the spirit of progress.

**Jekyll—Wall and Water Gardens.** By Gertrude Jekyll. The "Country Life" Library. Illustrated. (Scribner. Imported, \$3.75, net.) Although embracing but a small portion of the general subject of horticulture, this delightful and stimulating book touches upon many absorbing problems relating to the beautifying of gardens and outer grounds. The information contained in these pages is neither too popular nor too technical in its presentation; accuracy and an intimate, loving knowledge of requirements and conditions seem to be the author's capital. The illustrations are both admirable and abundant, and the work, as a whole, should prove of singular value to those who are fortunate enough either to possess or to dream of possessing gardens of any description or dimension.

**Marchesi—Ten Singing Lessons.** By Mathilde Marchesi. With Introduction by W. J. Henderson. Harper, \$1.50 net.

It is somewhat amazing to find Mr. Henderson "introducing" the twaddle which Madame Marchesi calls "Ten Singing Lessons." "What she has to say of singing," says Mr. Henderson, "should have uncommon value." It *should*, indeed, but it has not, in these pages. There are ten gossiping chapters touching in a superficial way on the externals of vocal training, but nothing of material aid to singer either experienced or inexperienced. It is not considered proper in Paris to attend the theatres or concerts or to make country trips with male escorts, we read. This is not a new truth. "I have just returned from a visit to the beautiful and extraordinarily interesting exhibition. How gladly would I spend an hour in converse with my friendly readers, in relation to all the wonders beheld with my own eyes . . . ; but I am reminded of my chief duty." This extract illustrates the constant struggle in the book between desire to ramble on and necessity of writing ten "singing lessons." The translation, as it presumably is, is quite unidiomatic.

**Niagara—The Niagara Book.** Doubleday, Page & Co. Illustrated. \$1.50.

"The Niagara Book" is a good sized volume of 353 pages. No one man has been thought competent to wrestle with so vast a subject. The table of contents contains no less than ten names—among them those of Mr. W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, and Mr. E. S. Martin—names that in themselves, it would seem, would insure the sale of any book, even were the subject less attractive and the illustrations less

abundant than in the present volume. The book presents the Falls from every point of view—from the scientific, the utilitarian, the spectacular, the humorous, the stupendous, and the poetic. The result may not be literature. But it answers excellently well the modern demand on a book—that it shall tell either everything about something or something about everything.

**O'Rell—Her Royal Highness, Woman, and His Majesty, Cupid.** By Max O'Rell. The Abbey Press, \$1.50.

M. Blouet still clings to the newspaper style (in its worst sense), which detracts from the dignity of his work. In his last book the same kind of analysis of contents is perceptible as in "John Bull and His Island." "How to deal with your girl," "Feed the brute," "Could you whisper words of love through an ear-trumpet?" "The sealing kiss," "I want to knock down a newly-married woman's husband—Who would 'polyg' with him?" Such captions as these are sensational to the color of yellow. Nevertheless, the statements in the book are true, the advice wise, and the whole subject worthy of consideration. The pity is that so clever a man, so keen a critic as M. Blouet should be led into methods so cheap.

**Straus—The Origin of Republican Form of Government in the United States of America.** By Oscar S. Straus, Litt. D., LL.D. Putnam, \$1.00.

This is a new and revised edition of a work, originally published in 1885, whose aim was to show that in the spirit and essence of our Constitution, the influence of the Hebrew Commonwealth was paramount, in that it was in itself a divine precedent for a pure democracy, as distinguished from monarchy, aristocracy, or any other form of government. This thesis Mr. Straus has not established, and his book is as unconvincing as Douglas Campbell's on the Dutch influence in America. The basis for Mr. Straus's contention is the fact that Puritan political thought was tinged with the views of the Old Testament. He fails, however, to understand that these thinkers were not in a position to understand the true nature of the Hebrew Commonwealth. They read their own indigenous views into the Bible, and then sought therein a religious sanction for their movements of revolt. There can be no question of any historical continuity between the Jewish and the American commonwealths, between the primitive theocracy and the highly-developed product of Anglo-Saxon political civilization.

**Year-Book—The International Year-Book.** A compendium of the World's Progress during the year 1900. Editor, Frank Moore Colby, M.A.; Consulting Editor, Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., Professor in Columbia University. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$3.00.

"The International Year-Book" contains its customary amount of stock information, together with specific insertions covering events of the past year. The current volume is distinguished from its predecessors through the inclusion of an appropriate pendant dedicated to the Progress of the Century. Most of the articles in this department are lucid and able, and it is hence with amazement—and amusement—that one comes upon the statement, in the paper on Continental Literature, that Björnson and Ibsen were "writers of historical

novels in the romantic strain until about 1870. . . . Dr. Ibsen in particular has been forced to shoulder heavy burdens of misinterpretation, but has never, it seems, until the present instance, been charged with writing an historical novel.

**Young—Early Days in the Maple Land.** By Katherine A. Young. Pott & Co., 50c.

The best test of a child's book is the child. Catch him anywhere, unawares, pin him down, face to the wall, and read him ten pages of "Early Days in the Maple Land"—if you can. You may not be able to get beyond the second page. But the fault will not lie with you, nor with the child. His instinct in literature is unerring. He may not be able to settle the relative claims of Omar and Fitzgerald and Le Gallienne. But in his own field he is infallible. Trust a squirrel to know a good nut and a boy to know a book. He may shy a little at the Rollo books. But Robinson Crusoe will go down with a gulp. Tried by the boy-test "Early Days in Maple Land" will be found sadly wanting. The book contains "Stories for children of stirring deeds under three flags." The deeds, alas, are more stirring than the stories.

**Kingsley—Perseus.** By Charles Kingsley. Russell.

This "tale for younger folk," in large, black type, and with decorative frontispiece by Harriette Amsden, makes a diminutive—and attractive—booklet in the Wayside Series.

## POETRY.

**Browne—A Reply to "The Man with a Hoe."**

Illustrated. 100 copies. Dillingham, 50 cts. These eight stanzas were written by the author of "Joy Bells," and "Joy Bells" was written by William Trevelyan Browne. The author has a feeling that they, and the eight pictures confronting them, appear somewhat belatedly. He is undoubtedly right. He should have published them in time to head off the Hoeman, or else suppressed them wholly.

**Cheney—The Flight of Helen, etc.** By Warren Cheney. Elder & Shepard, 75c.

There is a quality and an appeal in these verses which moves us to adopt one of the author's titles and bid him be of "Good Courage." Like the poet whom he describes in a sonnet, he himself seems "divinely stirred by what he might be, could he find the word." The true "word" already often glances along Mr. Cheney's line. One most hopeful token, also, is the keen feeling for Nature; but it is not, we confess, to be found in such bits of description as this of the Judas tree, "that poses pinkly public with its rueing."

**Gordon—Racing Rhymes and Other Verses.** By Adam Lindsay Gordon. Illustrated. Russell, \$1.25.

The author of these verses sailed from England for Australia in 1853, after a youth spent, apparently, in acquiring first-hand material for a book of racing and chasing rhymes. His relations appear to have borne his going with fortitude; but his friends, judging from the blank-verse, "In Memoriam," by Henry Kendall, prefixed to his work, were warmly attached to him. It is enough to say that the verses show abundant metrical skill, and smack of the sunlit soil rather than the midnight oil. They have been selected by T. O. Guen.

**Johnson—Now-a-Day Poems.** By Philander Chase Johnson. The Neale Company, \$1.25. Under the title "Unanswerable" this author proposes the following:

"Why is it that the wandering fly,  
Who might be happy in the gleam  
Of summer sun, prefers to die  
And thereby spoil the breakfast cream?"

There are many other things besides the above query (which we cannot answer) that discourage us from an intimate acquaintance with this volume of verses.

**Josaphare—The Lion at the Well.** By Lionel Josaphare. Robertson, 50c.

"Ink-Embroidery" is what this poet chooses to denominate his poetic offerings. As we have no word wherewith to describe the same, we shall not quarrel with his own chosen epithet.

**McGaffey—Sonnets to a Wife.** By Ernest McGaffey. St. Louis. Reedy, \$1.25.

In a "foreword" the publisher tells us that "true poetry needs not to be explained." He then proceeds to explain this sequence of seventy sonnets. The inference that this is not true poetry would be a natural one, but he assures us that it is really admirable. It has some technical faults, he admits, but then "Mr. McGaffey almost prides himself upon his assertion of a large ignorance of grammar and rhetoric." The poet's morals, on the other hand, are as strong as his grammar is weak; we find in his verses "no insistence upon the fascination of a rampant, savage, physically clamorous muliebrity." Mr. Reedy gives us his word that Mr. McGaffey "is a good man," even if he "doesn't concern himself with the abstrusities of syntax and prosody."

**Ogilvie—Fair Girls and Gray Horses.** By Will H. Ogilvie. Fourth edition. Sydney: Bulletin Newspaper Co., 5 shillings.

An easy lyrical style, abundant local color, and no end of conventional sentiment appear to have made this volume of poems popular in New South Wales. Most of the pieces first appeared in the *Sidney Bulletin*.

**Palmer—For Charlie's Sake, and other Lyrics and Ballads.** By John Williamson Palmer. Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.00.

The publishers have bound this collection of verse in a very gay cloth cover, and enclosed it in a wrapper on which a characteristically cordial word is printed over the facsimiled signature of Edmund Clarence Stedman. The poems singled out by the veteran critic for special mention are, besides the title-piece, "The Fight at the San Jacinto" and "Stonewall Jackson's Way"—both of them deservedly popular.

**Peters—Songs from Nature.** By Daniel M. Peters. The Abbey Press, 50c.

A biographical note prefixed to these verses tells us, as regards their author, that he "thought deeply, and Nature appealed to him to be pictured in verse." However, on this point evidence is lacking when we examine results.

**Ruffin—John Gildart.** By M. E. Henry Ruffin. Young & Co., \$1.50.

A labored correctness in phrase and measure characterize this long narrative poem, whose evident model (in all but inspiration and poetic fervor) is "Enoch Arden."

**Shuey—Among the Redwoods.** By Lillian H. Shuey. Whitaker & Ray Co., 25c.

Also "out of the golden, remote, wild West" comes this voice of a novitiate singer, attuned to the scenes and sounds in surrounding nature. The "red madroña," the "graceful tan-oaks," the "great sequoias" are the themes lovingly celebrated by the poet; but while these familiars of the environment that is hers come in for their meed of praise, the pimpernel and the foxglove wake wistful reminders of the English poets who first sang them; and Thoreau among "Maine's dark pines" is a vision evoked by the contemplation of the "tall Clintonias that stand, the altar-candles of a continent."

**Stickney—Verses.** By Helen R. Stickney. Putnam, \$1.00.

These verses show the author to be a lover of the beautiful and the true, as beauty and truth present themselves to her apprehension.

**Smith—Stage Lyrics.** By Harry B. Smith. With illustrations by Archie Gunn, Ray Brown, and E. W. Kemble. Russell, \$1.50.

The publisher has made a handsome book of these lyrics from the author's popular operettas, and has supplemented the illustrations especially designed for it with two score vignetted half-tone character portraits of the actors and actresses who have become famous in "Robin Hood," "Rob Roy," "The Fortune-Teller," "The Casino Girl," etc.

**The Book of Jade.** Doxey's, \$1.00.

This is a collection of poems by a young author, a Harvard man, we believe, who modestly refrains from putting his name to it. In a line or two of prose it is dedicated "to the memory of Charles Baudelaire"; but a quatrain at the close dedicates it to "my brother," which is kind to C. B. Some of the bits of verse are good, but most of them are wearisome to the last degree. This is doubly the author's fault, for half the poems are mere metrical complaints that he himself is bored to death. A sea voyage on a sailing vessel is what he needs.

**Wheeler—Love-in-a-Mist.** By Post Wheeler. Camelot Co., \$1.25.

"It shed a perfume like a rose  
Crushed between breasts of lovers pale,  
Or like the bruised Wistaria does."

By this foot one may gauge the poet's stature as rhymers and grammarian. His face forms the frontispiece of his book.

**Young—Thoughts in Verse.** By Duncan Francis Young. Abbey Press, 75c.

The author has some misgivings "in launching this unpretentious volume upon the tempestuous sea of public opinion." He feels, however, that there is "a field for such a work at this particular time—a time when the newspapers of the day fairly teem with poetic (?) efforts." (The query is his, not ours.) To supplement the little book's intrinsic seaworthiness, he prefixes to the poems a preface, a portrait of himself, and a biographical sketch by his publishers; and affixes a number of notes, explaining in plain prose what the poems are about—making the thoughts intelligible to people who are not used to finding "thoughts" in the poems they read. Mr. Young's initials are D. F. He used to be a printer, but is now a cashier. As he is less than thirty years old, we may expect further "thoughts" from his pen.

**Young—Wishmakers' Town.** By William Young. Russell, \$1.00.

This is a sequence of seemingly separate poems, first published in 1885. Though the publisher's prefatory note says "early in 1887," Mr. Aldrich gives the earlier date, which is confirmed by the copyright record on the fly-leaf, which we copy as a rather curious bit of literary history: 1885, Henry Holt & Co.; 1890, William Young; 1893, Lamson, Wolfe, & Co.; 1901, R. H. Russell. A laudatory letter to the author, dated 1887, which prefaces the book, concludes with these words: "Preserve this [letter] as a literary curiosity until the autograph is sufficiently valuable to make it marketable. I am, sir, yours, etc., Richard Harding Davis." An introduction by Thomas Bailey Aldrich is dated 1898. Mr. Young is better known to-day as a dramatist than as a poet, yet his vocation as a poet was long since proved by this little book. (The compositor, by the way, must have played Mr. Aldrich false, in making him say "avocation," where "vocation" is the word such a purist would inevitably have used).

#### RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

**Storrs: The Divine Origin of Christianity.—Indicated by its Historical Effects.** By Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D. The Pilgrim Press, \$2.00.

After nearly twenty years comes a new and cheaper issue of the late Dr. Storrs's Union Seminary and Lowell Institute lectures. Apart from the chapters themselves, which are attractive in literary guise, there is in an appendix an extensive historical apparatus occupying about half of the volume. Dr. Storrs's argument may be conveniently summed up in the phrase "the standing miracle of Christen-

dom." As a study of the history of Christianity this work has not been superseded by any other that we have yet seen.

**Wood—The Symphony of Life.** By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, \$1.25.

Professor Wood has framed a spiritual interpretation of the universe which attracts many readers. If not the final philosophy, Prof. Wood's metaphysics is valuable as a transition, like the mythic bridge of the Edda and of the Koran, "the bryg of Souls." At the same time it appears to us that he has got hold of the right end of a clue of which Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy has the wrong end. It therefore behooves Professor Wood to walk nicely and circumspectly this pathless region of the sub-conscious ideas,—of mysticism. Childe Roland, when he went that way, saw many a bleaching skull. We wish Prof. Wood "good luck in the name of the Lord."

#### TRAVEL

**Carmichael—In Tuscany: Tuscan Towns, Tuscan Types, and the Tuscan Tongue.** By Montgomery Carmichael. Illustrated. Dutton, \$3.00.

All the glory of summer in Northern Italy, the quaint graciousness and dignity of the life of the people, Mr. Carmichael has caught and put in these pages. He is thoroughly in sympathy with the Tuscans and understands them as few foreigners can. His travel has been away from the beaten track of the tourist, and his knowledge of art and archaeology, while not obtrusive or pedantic, gives a solid value to his book, which is charming on every page. The pictures are well chosen.

## Library Reports on Popular Books

*The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of THE CRITIC by the librarians of the libraries mentioned or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.*

#### NEW YORK.

**Mercantile Library.** W. T. PEOPLES, Librarian.

China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harpers, \$3.00.)

The Love Letters of Bismarck. (Harpers, \$3.00.)

East London. Besant. (Century Co., \$3.50.)

The Old New York Frontier. Halsey. (Scribners, \$2.50.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

The Autobiography of a Journalist. Stillman. (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., 2 vols., \$6.00.)

Story of My Life. Hare. (Dodd, Mead, & Co., vols. 3 and 4, \$7.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harpers, \$2.25.)

#### Most Popular Novel.

The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (The Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

**Mechanic's Institute Library.** H. W. PARKER, Librarian.

A Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribners, \$2.00.)

China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribners, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harpers, \$3.00.)

Last Confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff. (Stokes, \$1.25.)

The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane, \$1.50.)

Methods of Ethics. Sedgwick. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)

A Year in China. Bigham. (Macmillan, \$3.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)



# Library Reports on Popular Books

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World of Graft. Flynt. (McClure, Phillips, & Co., \$1.25.)

The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

**Society Library, University Place. F. B. BIGELOW, Librarian.**

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harpers, \$2.25.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Love of an Uncrowned Queen. Wilkins. (Stone, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

War's Brighter Side. Ralph. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts. Wright. (Macmillan, \$2.50.)

History of the United States Navy. Maclay. (Appleton, 3 vols., \$3.00.)

Some Records of Later Life. Granville. (Longmans, 16s.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead, & Co., \$1.40.)

China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribners, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

The Autobiography of a Journalist. Stillman. (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., 2 vols., \$6.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**Brooklyn Public Library. FRANK P. HILL, Librarian.**

China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribners, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

An American with Lord Roberts. Ralph. (Stokes, \$1.50.)

Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.00.)

Laws of Scientific Hand-Reading. Benham. (Putnam, \$5.00.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harpers, \$1.50.)

Horseless Vehicles. Hiscox. (Munn, \$3.00.)

East London. Besant. (Century, \$3.50.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harpers, \$2.25.)

Masters of Music. Chapin. (Dodd, Mead, & Co., \$1.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

**Pratt Institute Free Library. MARY W. PLUMMER, Librarian.**

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop, \$1.50.)

Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.40.)

Cardinal's Snuff-box. Harland. (Lane, \$1.50.)

Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harpers, \$1.50.)

The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$3.00.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## ATLANTA, GA.

**Carnegie Library. ANNE WALLACE, Librarian.**

Outlines of Sociology. Ward. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Dynamic Sociology. Ward. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

The Story of France. Watson. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Poems. Lanier. (Scribners, \$2.00.)

Origin of Species. Darwin. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

History of Greece. Abbott. (Putnam, \$2.25.)

Recollections of an Old Musician. Ryan. (Dutton, \$2.00.)

Birdcraft. Wright. (Macmillan, \$2.50 net.)

Birds of Village and Field. Merriam. (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., \$2.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Public Library. H. L. ELMENDORF, Librarian.**

Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. Twain. (Harpers, 1.75.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harpers, \$2.25.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harpers, \$1.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.50.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead, & Co., \$1.40.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Spiritual Significance. Whiting. (Little, \$1.00.)

The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

How the Other Half Lives. Riis. (Scribner, \$1.25.)

L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell, \$1.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## CHICAGO, ILL.

**Public Library.** FRED. H. HILD, *Librarian.*

- A Tramp Abroad. Twain. (Am. Pub. Co., \$3.50.)  
 Innocents Abroad. Twain. (Am. Pub. Co., \$3.00.)  
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)  
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)  
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)  
 Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)  
 Language of the Hand. Cheiro. (Rand, McNally, & Co., \$2.50.)  
 Biography of a Grizzly. Seton-Thompson. (Scribners, \$2.00.)  
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$2.00.)  
 Love Letters of a Musician. Reed. (Putnam, \$1.75.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## DETROIT, MICH.

**Public Library.** HENRY M. UTLEY, *Librarian.*

- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)  
 The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harpers, \$2.25.)  
 China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribners, 2 vols., \$7.50.)  
 Ten Singing Lessons. Marchesi. (Harpers, \$1.50.)  
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)  
 The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead, & Co., \$1.40.)  
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.50.)  
 In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)  
 Literary Friends and Acquaintances. Howells. (Harpers, \$2.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## HELENA, MONT.

**Helena Free Public Library.** MARY C. GARDNER, *Librarian.*

- Works of Dante and Studies of his Life and Works.  
 Observations of Henry. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead, & Co., \$1.25.)  
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harpers, \$1.50.)  
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.50.)

Cyanide Process. Various Authors.

Argonaut Letters. Hart. (Payot, Upham, & Co., \$2.00.)

- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)  
 Origin of Species. Darwin. (Appleton, \$2.00.)  
 Five Years of my Life. Dreyfus. (McClure, Phillips, & Co., \$1.50.)  
 A Woman Tenderfoot. Seton-Thompson. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$2.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## JERSEY CITY, N. J.

**Free Public Library.** ESTHER E. BURDICK, *Librarian.*

- The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harpers, \$2.25.)  
 The Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harpers, \$2.00.)  
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)  
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harpers, \$1.50.)  
 Second Book of Birds. Miller. (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., \$1.50.)  
 The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.50.)  
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribners, \$2.00.)  
 The Works of John Fiske.  
 Books on Palmistry.

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## KANSAS CITY, MO.

**Public Library.** MRS. CARRIE WESTLAKE WHITNEY, *Librarian.*

- John Bull's Crime. Davis. (Abbey Press, \$2.00.)  
 Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harpers, \$3.00.)  
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harpers, \$1.50.)  
 Treatise on Photography. Abney. (Longmans, Green, & Co., \$1.25.)  
 The Wonderful Century. Wallace. (Dodd, Mead, & Co., \$2.50.)  
 History of the Transvaal. Haggard. (New Amsterdam Book Co., \$1.00.)  
 Guide to the Trees. Loonsberry. (Stokes, \$2.50.)  
 Dreyfus Story. Hale. (Small, Maynard, & Co., 75c.)  
 Men Who Made the Nation. Sparks. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)  
 Books on Psychic Phenomena.

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

**Public Library.** MARY L. JONES, *Librarian.*

- China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribners, 2 vols., \$7.50.)  
 The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 The Love Letters of Victor Hugo. (Harper, \$3.00.)  
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)  
 The Language of the Hand. Cheiro. (Rand, McNally, & Co., \$2.50.)  
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)  
 Newest England. Lloyd. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$2.00.)  
 L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell, \$1.50.)  
 In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)  
 Science and Health. Eddy. (Armstrong, \$3.25.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**Minneapolis Public Library.** J. K. HOSMER, *Librarian.*

- Oriental Rugs. Mumford. (Scribners, \$7.50.)  
 Life of Napoleon. Tarbell. (McClure, Phillips, & Co., \$2.50.)  
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)  
 The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 The Autobiography of a Journalist. Stillman. (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., 2 vols., \$6.00.)  
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.50.)  
 Science and Health. Eddy. (Armstrong, \$3.25.)  
 The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harpers, \$1.50.)  
 The Life and Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribners, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

**Free Public Library.** ANNIE E. CHAPMAN, *Librarian.*

- Last Confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff. (Stokes, \$1.25.)  
 Practical Hypnotism. Saint-Germain. (Laird & Lee, 75c.)  
 Her Royal Highness, Woman. O'Rell. (Burt, \$1.50.)  
 War's Brighter Side. Ralph. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
 East London. Besant. (Century Co., \$3.50.)

- Story of the Indian. Grinnell. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
 Ten Singing Lessons. Marchesi. (Harpers, \$1.50.)  
 Wisdom and Destiny. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead, & Co., \$1.75.)  
 The Tribulations of an Empress. (Harpers, \$2.25.)  
 Poems. Phillips. (Lane, \$1.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**Public Library.** GEORGE T. CLARK, *Librarian.*

- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)  
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.50.)  
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harpers, \$1.50.)  
 The Book of Genesis. Worcester. (McClure, Phillips, & Co., \$3.00.)  
 The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
 The Literary History of America. Wendell. (Scribners, \$3.00.)  
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)  
 Five Years of My Life. Dreyfus. (McClure, Phillips, & Co., \$1.50.)  
 Great War Trek. Barnes. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
 China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribners, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

**City Library Association.** JOHN C. DANA, *Librarian.*

- Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)  
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)  
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribners, \$2.00.)  
 The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harpers, \$2.25.)  
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harpers, \$1.50.)  
 The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribners, 2 vols., \$7.50.)  
 Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)  
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.50.)  
 The Theatre and Its People. Fyles. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.25.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## ST. PAUL, MINN.

**Public Library.** HELEN J. MCCAINE, *Librarian.*

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$3.00.)

The Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harpers, \$1.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.50.)

Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

Literary Friends and Acquaintance. Howells. (Harpers, \$2.50.)

The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, 6 vols., \$12.00.)

A Woman Tenderfoot. Seton-Thompson. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$2.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## TORONTO, CANADA.

**Toronto Public Library.** JAS. BAIN, Jr., *Librarian.*

Glimpses of Three Nations. Stevens. (Blackwood, 6s.)

The Alfred Jewell: An Historical Study. Earle. (Clarendon Press, 12s., 6d.)

Monopolies, Past and Present. Rossignol. (Crowell, \$1.75.)

Women and Men of the French Renaissance. Sichel. (Lippincott, \$3.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.50.)

Robert Louis Stevenson: A Life Study. Baildon. (Chatto, Windus, & Co., 6s.)

A Sack of Shakings. Bullen. (Pearson, \$1.50.)

War's Brighter Side. Ralph. (Pearson, \$1.50.)

China and the Allies. Landor. (Heinemann, 3 vols., 30s.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harpers, \$2.25.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

Mistress Nell. Hazleton. (Copp, Clark, & Co., \$1.25.)

## WORCESTER, MASS.

**Free Public Library.** SAMUEL S. GREEN, *Librarian.*

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Stage-Coach and Tavern Days. Earle. (Macmillan, \$2.50.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harpers, \$2.25.)

How to Prepare for a Civil Service Examination. Leupp. (Hinds & Noble, \$2.00.)

Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

Studies of American Fungi, Mushrooms, etc. Atkinson. (Andrews & Church, \$3.00.)

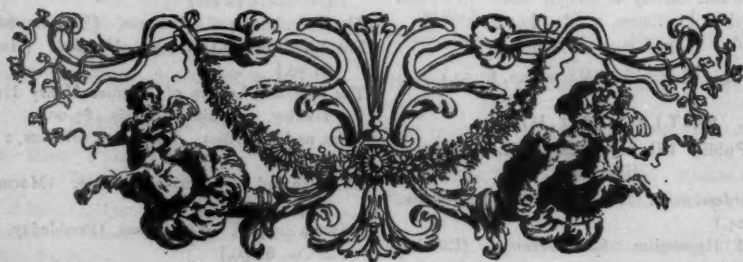
Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribners, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.50.)

Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)





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